

SPECIAL CABLE NEWS OF KILRAIN AND SMITH.

The Nation's
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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"DE COLORED FOLKS AS GOOD AS DE WHITES."

HOW THE SWELL PROHIBITIONIST LADIES OF ATLANTA GEORGIA, WORKED ON THE FEELINGS OF THE NEGRO VOTER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Great Fight For the Championship.

As the time is now approaching for the Great International Fight between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jem Smith, champion of England, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the Championship of the World, I take this method of notifying the newsdealers of America that the Police Gazette will be issued immediately after the fight takes place, giving illustrations, portraits, etc., and authentic cable dispatches of the great battle direct from the ring-side by our sporting editor, Mr. William E. Harding.

As the sale of this issue will be unprecedented in the United States of an illustrated paper, I would respectfully request the Trade to AT ONCE place their orders for EXTRA COPIES they may desire with their News Companies, so that I may be prepared to meet the extra demand without delay or inconvenience to the trade.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y. Publisher.

THE TWO MEN.

On another page of this week's issue will be found a long article copied verbatim from the New York Sun, in which the personal life and habits of John L. Sullivan, who poses as champion of America, are carefully and elaborately set forth. Let it be remembered that the Sun has always been a warm friend of and apologist for John L. Sullivan. Let it be remembered also that the Sun has never, hitherto, permitted a word to be said in its columns against the character or the performances of the man who used to be champion of the United States before Jake Kilrain stripped that title from him. Every word in the article we copy is straight from the Sun, and in reprinting it we simply repeat line for line the picture of John L. Sullivan which was drawn by one of his friends.

It will be observed that in both capacities, therefore, as a pugilist and a husband, John L. Sullivan is trying to bamboozle the British public, and in doing so, reflecting disgrace and discredit upon his native country. His pretense to be the champion of the United States we have shown to be utterly fraudulent and baseless. He ceased to be champion when Kilrain challenged him to fight for the title, and gave it up of his own free will when he turned the championship over to Kilrain, with the statement that he would never enter the ring again because of his broken arm. There are only two sporting newspapers in America whose utterances are official. One is the POLICE GAZETTE; the other is the Clipper. Each is a business rival of the other, but both unite in pronouncing Jake Kilrain the champion of the United States and John L. Sullivan a pretender, who preferred to surrender rather than fight for it.

In the second place, the woman who accompanies John L. Sullivan to Europe, and who is advertised by his managers as his wife, and is thereby made a part of his show, is according to the Sun, only his mistress, his real wife being left neglected and necessitous, at home in Massachusetts.

Compare this revelation of Sullivan's personality with the picture of honest, manly Jake Kilrain, rejoicing as he trains for battle, to learn that his little household is happy and prosperous, and that his baby daughter has learned to read.

Make no mistake about it, as a man Jake Kilrain excels John L. Sullivan exactly as he excels him as a gladiator, and base and malignant must be the so-called American who does not join his fate to the gallant fellow doubly representing on British soil, his home and his country.

The true test of a pugilist, of course, is the ring. But the pugilist who steps into the ring gridded with the affection of his friends and his family, and who as well wears proudly the championship fairly won, is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the man who not only yielded the emblem because he dared not fight for it, but whose exploits in a foreign country are thus roisomely described in print by the most energetic of his newspaper friends.

The Daily News of New York, which is, beyond all compare, the best authority on sporting matters of all the daily papers in the Union, pays this marked compliment to Richard K. Fox and his great newspaper:

Richard K. Fox's devotion to the promotion of sports was never better illustrated than in the persistence with which he has urged on the arrangements of the contest between Kilrain and Smith to a successful issue. He has not only expended large sums of cold, hard cash, but also much of his valuable time has been devoted to bringing the American champion and Britain's pride face to face in a 24-foot ring. Many people have the mistaken idea that the Police Gazette is devoted to a history of contemporaneous crime and not to the interests of sport. No better refutation of such an error can be had than the action of Mr. Fox in the Kilrain-Smith affair. The Police Gazette is not only not a record of crime and criminals, but is also as perfect both in an art sense, in so far as its illustrations are concerned and attractive in make-up and good press work as any of the illustrated papers. The holiday number, just issued, has a magnificent colored plate of Kilrain and Smith as they will appear in the ring, a double-sized illustration of the intercollegiate football match and other fine illustrations. The American News Company took 150,000 copies of it for their agents outside of this city.

ON THE SPOT.

William E. Harding's Graphic Description of Kilrain's Quarters.

THE CHAMPION AT WORK.

How He is Being Made Ready For the Heroic Fray.

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

[SPECIAL CABLEGRAM TO RICHARD K. FOX.]
LONDON, ENG., Dec. 8.

The international prize fight between Jem Smith, the British champion, and Jake Kilrain, the American champion, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, is creating a furore in all the principal cities in England. In London the match is the topic of conversation, and the members of the Pelican, Albert, Central, and even the Carlton, Clubs, are manifesting great interest over the impending international encounter. Yesterday, with Robert Watson, of the Sporting Life, I boarded a train at Victoria Station, and after purchasing a first-class return ticket to Westport-on-the-Sea, we were soon whirling along through Kent, once the home of Wat Tyler, the bondsman of Kent. After riding in the stall box of the English railways, which are anything but as comfortable as the fast and commodious trains of the United States, we arrived at our destination. Hailing a Jehu we were quickly borne to St. Mildred, which is the sea-side and principal resort of the dukes, lords and earls during the watering place season. The hotel eclipses anything I have seen in America, and Wescott-on-the-Sea is something like Ocean Grove or Asbury Park, New Jersey. During Mary Anderson's visit to this country it was at St. Mildred she enjoyed the sea breeze and the beautiful and picturesque scenery. It is at this famous resort the American champion has been training under the mentorship of Charley Mitchell, Billy Mitchell and Charley Rowell. On arriving at the hotel I was ushered into a cosy room with a large grate fire, around it were seated Charley Mitchell and Charley Rowell. In an adjoining room Kilrain was punching a huge foot-ball suspended from a big ring and staple, which the good-tempered boniface had allowed to be suspended from a beam in the ceiling.

Mitchell and Rowell gave me a cordial welcome and at once had a battle in regard to which should treat to a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry. Rowell insisted on doing so, but Mitchell touched the electric bell which sounded a gong like a church bell and would have done better service in a New York engine house. In an instant the door opened and a full fledged English waiter with a dress suit entered with a bow. He had a large head, a heavy crop of hair parted in the middle, while his pug but well formed nose was sandwiched between two rosy cheeks and adorned by a bushy pair of curly whiskers. If I had not known his occupation I might have mistook him for a beef eater who figure hugely at the Queen's head-quarters.

I asked for Kilrain but Charley Mitchell said: "Don't let Jake know Mr. Harding and Mr. Watson are here, or else he will stop his work and he has got to bang away at that bag until he has been at it for twenty minutes." Fifteen minutes later the door opened and a tall athletic looking man, with a smooth shaved face and a red cap like which many of the little school girls wear in New York, walked into the room.

It was Kilrain, the recognized champion of America, who had travelled 3,040 miles as the true representative gladiator of America, to meet in battle array Jem Smith, the doughty champion of England, in a great fistie encounter for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, the championship of the world and the large sum of \$10,000.

I hardly knew the champion, as the tonsorial operation he had undergone made a decided change in his appearance, and made him look more than ever like a fighter. He appeared to be in first-class condition, and his face showed evidence of the 20-mile runs and the long walks Charley Rowell had been putting him through.

"How is Richard K. Fox?" said Kilrain. "I was glad he returned safe."

I said: "Richard K. Fox sends you and Charley Mitchell and Charley Rowell his regards, and he is very certain that you will win the coming fight, not only for his sake, but for the honor of your country and your own reputation."

"He should win," said Charley Rowell, "if he can only fight as well as he works. He is a glutton to run and walk, and he eats like a plow boy."

"What did you weigh," I asked, "when you commenced training?"

Charley Mitchell answered the question: "Well, Jake weighed 216 pounds, and he now weighs 182 pounds."

"What weight will he fight at?" asked the representative of Richard K. Fox.

"I guess," said Kilrain, "I will fight at 182 pounds—maybe 190 pounds. I wish the battle was to be fought to-morrow, for I feel that I should be able to stand up for an hour or so."

"Did you meet with a big reception?"

"Yes," said Kilrain, "every exhibition we have given has been a big success."

"You can bet," said Mitchell, "that Kilrain's exhibition at St. James Hall was bigger than John Bluff Sullivan's, and we got £100 more than Sullivan."

"Is this true?" I asked of Kilrain.

"Yes," replied the champion, "according to the statement furnished at the box office."

"It was cabled to the New York papers that Sullivan received a big reception."

"That is true," said Mitchell. "I could have had the same reception in the streets for Kilrain if I had telegraphed from every railroad station that Kilrain, the champion, was coming. That was what Sullivan's manager did, and the result was that every one turned out in the street to look at him and that was all they wanted. They did not pay to go and see him box. We wanted money; not a lot of people to look at Kilrain and then not pay their guineas and pounds at the show. I kept Kilrain quiet. No one knew when we arrived at a city until we appeared at a hall. The result was every place we appeared we made money. Sullivan was advertised and showed up by his foolish manager, and the result was those who saw him would not pay to do so. The result was," continued Mitchell, "we had no crowds in the street, but we got the money."

"Well, what I want to know," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "which was the largest exhibition—Kilrain's or Sullivan's?"

"Why, Kilrain," replied Mitchell, "our receipts were were nearly \$600 more than Sullivan's, and after eight o'clock they let all the boxers and wrestlers in free to fill the place."

While I was indulging in this conversation, Kilrain had been enjoying a tepid water bath, and been thoroughly rubbed down by Billy Mitchell (Charley's brother) and Charley Rowell.

He said: "How long before the supper is ready? I want a large steak, toast, boiled eggs and tea. Do you think a glass of champagne will hurt me? It looks tempting."

"Well, you cannot have anything to drink, my boy," said Rowell.

"Yes, he can," said Mitchell, "in the shape of tea, but no wine."

In the meantime I handed Kilrain letters I had found for him over at Pony Moore's palace on the Finchley Road. One was from Kilrain's wife, and it described how one of his little girls, who was only in her A B C's when he left, had learned to read.

Kilrain exclaimed: "That is wonderful, Charley; my little girl is able to read, and when we left she could only say A B C."

"Yes," said Mitchell, "she takes after her father."

Later the supper came in—fish, mutton-chops, eggs, toast, muffins, crumpets, celery, calves' foot jelly, jam and cheese. The champion ate steak and eggs, and toast without any butter with a good relish which proved that he was in capital physical condition.

I informed Kilrain that Richard K. Fox had sent over \$1,000 in my keeping to be handed to Kilrain to bet on himself in the ring. The champion said: "Richard K. Fox is a great man, and I shall never forget what he has done for me."

After supper was ended, we retired to a well-fitted-up billiard room and a game of billiards was proposed.

Charley Mitchell and Charley Rowell agreed to play Jake Kilrain and Robert Watson of the Sporting Life. The game was the English spot ball game, played on a large six-pocket table, two sizes larger than the tables used in America. After playing four games, each won two, all four of the contestants, especially Mitchell and Watson played well. At 9 P. M. Kilrain went through a series of evolutions with the dumb bells, played a single game of billiards with Mitchell, when both Rowell and Mitchell insisted on the champion going to bed.

Exactly at 9:30 Kilrain was stripped, thoroughly rubbed down, a face sweater or mask, which is made of red flannel, was tied on his face, and after it had been tied on for half an hour it was removed, and then his face was washed with a solution of lemon and horseradish juice and then thoroughly rubbed until it resembled a ripe peach. The window was lowered from the top and Kilrain turned in to sleep on a hard mattress, while Rowell ensconced himself in a big feather bed which was at the other end of the large room. I noticed that in the room there were two rubber balls, a rubber extender for the shoulders, two flying rings, boxing gloves and a platform scale, upon which Kilrain is weighed daily.

After the champion had gone to rest the Sporting Life representative and myself had a long conversation with Charley Mitchell about the champion.

I asked Mitchell what Kilrain's chances of winning were, and he said: "Kilrain is twenty per cent, the better pugilist than when he boxed with me at Baltimore when the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt was presented to him, and that he should easily defeat Smith, as he was taller, quicker and by far a harder hitter."

"One thing," said Mitchell, "you are here to represent Richard K. Fox, who is Kilrain's backer, and if you are looking after Kilrain's interests you must insist that only twelve men on each side shall go to the fight. Fifty men on each side means 500."

"Yes," said Robert Watson, of the Sporting Life, "in the Smith and Knifton fight it was agreed that only twenty-five men on each side should be present, and when we reached the place there were 500, and Knifton, on seeing the crowd, ran away, and there was no fight."

I said: "Richard K. Fox has decided to give Kilrain all the stakes if he wins. He is eager for the fight to take place, no matter if there are only two on each side. He is also anxious that neither side shall take any unfair advantage. If Kilrain can defeat Smith, fair and square, he is eager for him to do so, and if the British champion is able to beat Kilrain, then he is willing to abide by the result."

I asked Mitchell if he intended to fight Sullivan. He said that he had agreed to fight the ex-champion of America for \$2,000, according to London prize ring rules, and had posted \$200 to show that he was in earnest. He had even offered to allow the Marquis of Queensberry to hold the stakes and to fight four weeks after January 10. Mitchell's propositions are fair, and if Sullivan was in earnest he would arrange a match.

After a long conversation with Mitchell I retired. On the next morning at 6 A. M., hardly daylight, Kilrain was out doing a twenty-mile run with Rowell.

SHOT HERSELF IN HER CHILDREN'S PRESENCE.

A special from Odin, Ill., Dec. 5, says: Mrs. George W. Phelps gathered her two youngest children about her to-day and taking a pistol from a bureau drawer stood in front of a mirror, placed the pistol against her throat and fired. The ball passed through her neck and embedded itself in the ceiling.

The children fled from the house. Their cries and the report of the shot attracted the attention of neighbors, who when approaching the house heard a second shot. Upon entering they found the lifeless form of Mrs. Phelps in a pool of blood. She had placed the pistol to her forehead in firing the second shot, which caused instant death.

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

Ex-Alderman Casey of Brooklyn Bests
John Lawlor of Dublin,
at Handball.

Ex-Alderman Phillip Casey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and John Lawlor, of Dublin, Ireland, played the second series of games best in 11, in their match for \$200 a side and the championship of the world, at handball, at Casey's new handball court, Brooklyn, on Nov. 29th. The match was best of 21 games, 21 aces in each game—Ten games to be played in Ireland and the balance in New York for \$200 a side. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. The first ten games were played in Hogan's Court, Cork, Ireland on Aug. 4th. Casey won four and Lawlor six. This left Casey seven games, and Lawlor five to score to win the match. The contest drew lovers of the lively game from long distances. Among the hundreds packed in the gallery, mostly at \$5 a head, were Mr. Thomas Watters of the Beaufort Club, Dublin, brother of Lawlor; Mr. John J. Broderick, a crack player from St. Louis; Thomas P. Cook, former champion of America; Barney McQuade, present champion of New York; James Dunne, Brooklyn's second best man at the game; Assemblyman Peter McCann, Philip Dwyer, Philip Duffy and other nimble ball handlers and sports including Messrs. Courtney, Johnson, Henderson, Giddings, Brown, Reynolds, and Riley. The fact that the Brooklyn man had been beaten in the first of the games abroad did not shake the confidence of his backers at home, and they were greatly in the majority; but there were many present who were familiar with the reputation and skill of the man from Dublin, and they freely took odds of two to one or less against him. Brief sketches of the champions will enable outsiders to understand somewhat the interest manifested in the games. Mr. Casey was born in Queen's County, Ireland, about forty years ago. He stands just 6 feet high in his shoes, and weighs about 180 pounds. He measures 42 inches around the chest, and is of fine muscular proportions, without being at all fat. He began playing handball twenty-five years ago. He soon became an expert player, and his fame spread among admirers of the game. He was first matched against veteran Barney McQuade, of New York, in 1868, for \$500 a side. He won the match. His next public essay was in Chicago, where he played a double-handed match, with John Mannix for his partner, beating the Western cracks, Judge and Brady, for \$250 a side. Mr. Casey has played in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Sacramento, to Maryland, Montreal, and other cities with unvarying success. He gained his title of champion by winning every single-handed match in which he has played for money. John Lawlor, like the American champion, is a man of light, clear complexion with pleasant blue eyes and sandy mustache. He was born in Pennsylvania of Irish parents, twenty-six years ago. He was taken to Ireland when eighteen months old and grew up in Dublin. He is 5 feet 7 inches high, and tips the scale at 113 pounds. He measures 37½ inches around the chest, and has the physical development of a spry middle-weight pugilist. He sprang into handball play when 12 years old, and soon became skillful in the nimble game. His first notable match was in Dublin, when he defeated Keefe, the pride of Carlow. Lawlor then beat Kenny, of Dublin, winning in five games, Kenny scoring but four aces in the rubber. He continued to play the strongest players with varying luck, meeting defeat twice at the hands of Dan Browning, of Limerick, in hard fought games. Two months later he again met Browning in the best of 21 games for £100 and the championship of Ireland. Lawlor won by 11 to 7. At a world's tournament in Cork he won first money and a costly gold medal presented by Alderman Hogan. In this tournament he defeated sixteen competitors, including James Dunne, of Brooklyn; R. Hogan, J. Lewry and Browning. The new court in which the games were played is said to be the finest in the country. It is under the management of the Brooklyn Handball Club, of which Mr. Casey is president. The court proper is 65 feet in length and 24 feet in width. The front wall, against which the ball is driven, is 35 feet high. It has a facing of white marble so perfect that it insures an accurate rebound of the ball. The side walls are faced with Portland cement. The back wall of the court is 12 feet high. The floor is of hard white pine planks, 4 inches wide and 2 inches thick. The whole court is admirably arranged for displaying the fine points of the game. The finishing touches were put on the new court only a short time before the men began play. It was cold and somewhat damp. Little difficulty was experienced in selecting a referee and umpire. Mr. Thomas P. Cook was chosen referee, Barney McQuade was appointed umpire for Casey, and John Manning looked after the interests of Lawlor. A volley of applause from the gallery greeted the Irish champion when he appeared in the court at 12:51 P. M. in the rig of a boxer, with the addition of a thin undershirt and minus spikes in his shoes. The applause redoubled four minutes later when the American champion entered the court in similar dress. He immediately grasped Lawlor warmly by the hand, and then tossed him a little black ball of the American regulation pattern, an inch and three-quarters in diameter. Offers of \$75 to \$50, and \$50 to \$200 on Casey were now quickly made and as quickly taken. Lawlor in the mean time stepped over the black line drawn across the centre of the white court, gave the ball a bound, and sent it flying to the front wall. Serving with remarkable rapidity and force, and running, leaping and hopping faster than any player was ever seen to do before in this country, he soon discovered that Phil Casey in Cork and Phil Casey in Brooklyn were two very different players. Whether Lawlor sent the ball straight and high from the centre, caromed from the front on to the side walls, or drove it in straight liners low down from centre, or elsewhere, Phil got there every time and forged ahead from the start, and that, too, with half the apparent force expended by the smaller man. Experts at the game saw within ten minutes from the start that Casey was too long in the lead for his nimble rival of symmetrical physique. Casey showed better judgment in service and recovery. He used either hand with equal facility and strength, while Lawlor depended mainly upon his right and hard serving, aided by his alertness and anticipation; but Casey moved very rapidly when occasion required it, and his apparently easy strokes, made with a wonderful wrist motion, combined with great flexibility of fingers and powerful forearm, sent the ball against the wall with as much force and swiftness as though propelled by a racket. The marker called aces in fifteen minutes, Casey having won it by 21 to 10. When the men appeared for the second game Lawlor was stripped to the buff, and was covered with perspiration. According to the agreement to change balls every game, an Irish ball was used. It was white as snow and an inch less in diameter than the American black ball. "Are they going to play with marbles?" asked a voice from the upper gallery. The only reply to this query was: "A hundred aces if Casey wins the match." No one took it up, and that was the last bet offered. Play was resumed with increased energy on the part of Lawlor, and with more care and coolness on the part of Casey. The little white nutmeg was followed with difficulty in its rapid flight through the atmosphere of the court, which had now grown blue with smoke or dampness. Lawlor began serving dangerously low and scored evenly with Casey in the first half of the game. Casey's eyes then grew accustomed to the nutmeg, and he played low down and hard. Forging ahead again, he ran out the game in 25 minutes, with a score of 21 to 11. Lawlor having gained one ace more than in the first game. In the third game it was clearly apparent that the match was between a boy and a man. Lawlor continued on a keen jump, while Casey served himself, piled up his aces steadily, making the match look like dollars to doughnuts in his favor. A voice called out: "What did we pay our five dollars for, Charley?" The laughter that followed this sally seemed to sting the Dublin man. He served the ball with the speed of light, low, low down, but Casey returned it with a lightning kick that made the spectators in the gallery shake the rafters with applause. Casey won the game in 25 minutes by 21 to 11. The fourth game was played with a new and fresh little white Irish ball. Phil had got the hang of the thing, and he played in for fun, giving Lawlor more than he could attend to in caring for his little joker. The game ended in 11 minutes, Lawlor scoring only 3 aces to Casey's 21. The fifth game was the last of the series. Lawlor kept alongside of Casey for a quarter of an hour, while the marker called "four all," "five all," following with "six all," before Casey drew ahead of the Irish lad. Casey won the game in 25 minutes, the score standing 21 to 13 in his favor. This was Lawlor's highest score during the match. Twelve minutes after opening the sixth game the score was 13 to 8 in favor of the Alderman. Seven minutes later he had the required 21 to Lawlor's 8. The Dublin man appeared in his bare feet for the second and last game. His toes were rosy through the exertion, and he skipped over the cold damp floor of the court as though he enjoyed the sport; but too cool and wary Casey outplayed him at all points, scoring 16 aces to Lawlor's nothing. Casey won the game and match in 16 minutes, the score for the game being 21 to 7. Following is the full score:

Casey—21, 21, 21, 21, 21, 21, 21. Total, 147.

Lawlor—10, 11, 11, 3, 13, 8, 7. Total, 63.

Aces by service—Casey, 44; Lawlor, 23.

The stakes, \$200, were paid over by Richard K. Fox to Casey, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Nov. 30.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Joseph Kelly.

Aged Mrs. Stone has many sympathizers in her grief over the elopement of her granddaughter, Rachel, with one of her married boarders named Joseph Kelly from Philadelphia. As yet every effort of the detectives to locate the runaway couple has proven fruitless, although it is generally understood that they are living together somewhere in New York. The grandmother is almost heartbroken over the affair, which, owing to her old age, is likely to be attended with serious results. Her whole heart was wrapped up in the parentless child, who was the source of much comfort to her. She was very industrious and proved a great helpmate to her grandmother about the house.

Their acquaintance dates back a year, when Kelly came to the house. They were frequently seen together on the street, although no one thought anything of this, as Kelly, apparently, was well behaved, and Rachel was not even warned of her danger.

Kelly was very popular with his male companions, who made their headquarters at the Girard House. He is a plausible talker and was a great favorite among women, even poor Mrs. Stone, who not only mourns the loss of her granddaughter, but would like to get the one hundred dollars which Kelly owes her for board.

CHAMPION POLICE BALL TOSSERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

On another page we publish grouped portraits of the champion baseball nine of the Police Department, which has its local habitation in the Tenth precinct.

FRANK H. MULLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Young Muller is the Brooklynite who has been painting Oakland, Cal., quite red, especially in the vicinity of the Galindo Hotel. It is said that his papa has called him home in the City of Churches.

"LORD COURTENAY."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Reginald Talbot, alias "Lord Courtenay," who has worked Newark, N. J., society, is one of the rank-and-file impostors known to the police. His exposure has startled the swell people of Newark terribly.

A BIG FEAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. S. Malby, the champion trick cyclist of the world, is depicted on another page riding on the large wheel over the parapet of the new pier, fifty feet above the sea, at Aberdeen, Scotland, at the final exhibitions of the American team there, Oct. 24 to 29.

GIRLS BRUTALLY FLOGGED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 23, says: Governor Gray has made a private investigation into the charges of cruelty at the Women's State Reformatory.

He found that the girls are tied up by the wrists or with handcuffs and whipped brutally on their bare backs. Attempts at bribery were also discovered and whispers of deeper scandals circulate.

The Governor recommends a change of punishment by solitary confinement instead of flogging.

BEAT HIS SICK WIFE TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Kansas City, Nov. 20, says: At Armourdale, a suburb of Kansas City, Mrs. William J. Pratt, twenty-five years of age, died a horrible death yesterday from the effects of injuries received in an assault upon her by her husband while intoxicated. The woman gave birth to a child on Monday, the 7th inst., and on Friday, the 14th, just four days later, Pratt entered her bed-chamber while in a drunken rage, seized her, rolled her out of bed to the floor, twisted her arms, beat and kicked her, expectorated tobacco juice in her face and placed a knife in her hand and endeavored to make her stab him. Her screams brought her brother and brother-in-law to the scene. They threw Pratt out of doors and he disappeared. Immediately after the assault Mrs. Pratt became unconscious, and died yesterday shrieking and raving.

"AS GOOD AS DE WHITES."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent writes from Atlanta, describing the desperate efforts made to carry the prohibition ticket. At early dawn the other day bands of women stationed themselves near the six polls at which the people were to vote on the question of prohibition. As the first ballots began falling into the boxes, the women began singing familiar Methodist hymns. All day long

the most remarkable scenes were presented. White women engaged in conversation with negroes, whom they had never seen before, urging them to deposit their ballots against the sale of liquor. At one precinct a chubby-faced blond and blue-eyed girl stood leaning against a doorpost, while by her side, with arm twined around her white sister's waist, stood a colored Hebe, whose fine proportions were admired by all the men who passed. As this group of white and black posed in sisterly embrace, two colored dudes, hat in hand, stood in the front yard passing the usual compliments of the season. Just outside the gate stood a huge black man with his back against the fence. In front of him stood a white woman, patting him on the breast, and begging him to "Vote for Jesus." An old negro, who happened to be passing, threw up his hands as he looked upon the scene and exclaimed:

"Bress de Lord, I see lived to see de culind folks as good as de whites."

It is proper, however, to say that the ladies who engaged in this business are not representative of the ladies of Atlanta, and their conduct in being found in such surroundings is not approved of by the people of the city.

A JILTED GIRL'S INSANE ACT.

When Her Lover Called to Break Their Engagement
She Threw Vitriol in his Face.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Reading, Dec. 2, says: A startling sensation in leading social circles was made public here late this afternoon. The principals are Mr. Howard Potter, aged 21, occupying a leading position in his uncle's large dry goods establishment, and Miss Maggie Lloyd, aged 20, a member of the family of Dr. Frank Rieser. Miss Lloyd had been the cashier in the store with Potter, and the two became lovers and were finally engaged to be married. The young people were well and favorably known and moved freely together in public places where the best people of the city would be found. Recently, Mr. Potter has shown signs of being desirous of breaking off the engagement. It was believed he had fallen in love with another lady clerk in the same store. By various acts young Potter gave Miss Lloyd to understand that his love for her was growing cold. At length it was understood that Potter was to call on Miss Lloyd for a final separation. For a few days prior to the time set the lady had become morose, pale, silent, and greatly changed. She was nervous and had very little to say. Her near friends knew the cause and tried to cheer her up, but failed.

Sunday evening last was the time set for their final leave taking. Mr. Potter called at Dr. Rieser's and Miss Lloyd was at home. Later on Mr. Potter plainly told the lady he could not marry her. She was deathly pale. Excusing herself a moment she went into an adjoining room, and then entered the parlor with a glass, filled with a dark liquid.

"Take a glass of wine as a parting pledge," she said, handing Potter the glass.

He was astounded, because Miss Lloyd had never before offered him wine. He politely refused. When she offered the glass again, saying she would drink with him, he again refused, but was more alarmed than ever at her strange manner. Suddenly Miss Lloyd seized his pocket handkerchief from his pocket with her left hand, speedily held it over both his eyes, and with her right dashed the contents of the glass, which proved to be vitriol, into young Potter's face. Miss Lloyd then fell back in a swoon, a part of the vitriol having burned her right wrist.

Potter, nearly frenzied with pain, rushed back into the kitchen for water, and there hastily wiped the vitriol from his face. He then hurried out of the house into a restaurant, and a physician was called, who dressed the injuries and took the sufferer to his boarding place. Dr. Rieser, who was not at home when the affair occurred, says:

"When I got home I found Miss Lloyd in my parlor entirely out of her mind. She wanted to know where she was. All the opiates I could give her did not produce sleep. Her mind wandered all night, and she has not been herself since. She was not responsible for her action, but was driven to desperation at the thought of the disgrace following the breaking of her marriage engagement. She is an exceedingly amiable and respectable young lady, and the entire occurrence is greatly to be regretted."

Potter's doctor spent three hours with him to-day, dressing the terrible wounds in his face. He will be disfigured for life. Miss Lloyd is melancholy, and does not know the extent of Potter's injuries.

CONVICT MAUER CAUGHT AT LAST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Auburn, Dec. 1, says: Convict Mauer's game of "freeze-out" with the prison officials came to an end at 4 o'clock this afternoon, when he was discovered behind the cot in cell No. 15, which is occupied by a convict named McCafferty. The prison officials generally search the cells by poking canes in and about the cots. The cots are folded up against the wall after the prisoners are marched to the shops in the morning. This afternoon, while the search of the cells was in progress, Keeper Gay placed his hand down between the cot and the wall in cell No. 15 and was astonished to find it was warm. When the covering was removed the form of the wily stowaway, who for seven days has tormented the keepers of Auburn prison, was discovered. He was dragged out and the seven-day search was at an end. Mauer refused to talk, and consequently nothing of his movements for the past week can be learned. It is the general opinion that Mauer had secreted himself in some cosy nook about the prison shops, and that the extreme cold weather drove him out. Some friendly convict must have admitted him to the portion of the prison where the cells are situated and then he was taken in by McCafferty. He has been placed in one of the dungeons and will be punished by solitary confinement.

ROASTED TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Webberville, Mich., Dec. 1, says: The cry of "Fire!" aroused the people shortly before midnight last night, and they rushed from their homes to find the town lockup in flames. It was a one-story wooden structure standing alone in an open square. Above the crackling of the flames cries were heard from an inmate of one of the cells. When the citizens arrived the doomed man was seen frantically beating the bars of his cell and crying for help. The people were powerless to rescue him, and in the presence of the crowd he slowly roasted to death. Some of the crowd made ineffectual attempts to rescue him, but were driven away by the heat. The pale face and glaring eyes of the miserable wretch were framed by the black, unyielding bars of his cell door. Little by little he

was forced back, but only when the bars became red-hot did he abandon all hope of escape.

The horror of the situation proved such a frightful mental strain on the prisoner that he became insane. Tearing his scorched clothing off, he dashed himself against the bars and grabbed the red hot irons in the vain effort to escape. An odor of burned flesh pervaded the air and made many of the people sick. Frantically cursing the crowd for not helping him, the roasting man rushed madly around the narrow inclosure while the spectators stood rooted by horror to the spot. Gradually his cries grew weaker and he was seen to sink to the floor and soon all was over.

The prisoner was Newhall Tyler, thirty-eight years old. He had been jailed for striking a boy on the head. Tyler had been on a spree, and the boy had annoyed him. He fired the prison hoping he would be released thereby.

IT WILL END IN A DIVORCE SUIT.

A Young Husband Accused of Assaulting His Wife's
Female Assistant.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Boston, Nov. 23, says: Six years ago Frank B. Slack, now about thirty-three years of age, married Miss Ida Stebbins, daughter of the Hon. Isaac Stebbins, formerly Mayor of Chelsea, and at present an extensive dealer in real estate and president of the National Bank. Slack was at that time a commercial traveler, but soon after his marriage he was, through his father-in-law's influence, appointed messenger in the bank. The couple were installed in a beautiful home directly opposite the splendid house of the father-in-law, and they were apparently happy. Mrs. Slack says her suspicions were first aroused by the conduct of her female help, not one of whom would remain in her employ more than a short time, although they had an exceptionally pleasant place.

About five months ago she secured the services of Annie Snelling, who is positively plain looking, and with a somewhat masculine cast of countenance. Mrs. Snelling alleges that Slack assaulted her when the two were alone in the house on the afternoon of the 11th inst. She was but lightly clad at the time, and on escaping she wrapped herself in a shawl and fled to the house of Mr. Stebbins, across the street. There she told her story to the coachman and to Mrs. Slack and her mother. Slack was arrested, and in court a continuance was asked for and granted until Feb. 4. The clerk of the court, when asked why the continuance was made to such a distant date, replied:

"Well, you see, there is a suit for divorce growing out of this. Mrs. Slack says that this assault on the Snelling woman is the second offense of that nature which Mr. Slack has been guilty of, but that the former one was condoned on his promise never to repeat it."

Since the last occurrence Mr. Slack has not visited his handsome wife, pretty child and beautiful home, and Mrs. Slack says she has done with him forever.

WALKED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

A special from Wabash, Ind., Dec. 5, 1887, says: A dispatch received here to-day states that John Snyder, the famous walking man of Blackford county, died at his home at Mill Grove last night.

Snyder had been afflicted with a nervous disease, which rendered it impossible for him to remain quiet, save when he slept. For nearly four years he ate and sometimes slept while on his ceaseless tramp, and he literally walked himself to death.

A full description of this freak of nature appeared in the daily papers about a year ago, since which time Snyder has filled engagements in dime museums at Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago and St. Paul.

His case utterly baffled the physicians, who contented themselves with predicting that he would not survive the year. Until recently Snyder had been in excellent health and buoyant spirits. Six months ago, however, he began to fail, and during the past few weeks his step lagged, he grew pale and haggard and refused to talk. His limbs began to swell last month and he was troubled with varicose veins.

Another and last effort to prevent him from walking was made, but it proved unsuccessful, he growing frantic when restrained. He weakened very rapidly during the past week, but retained the use of his limbs almost to the last.

Snyder was perfectly conscious at his death and recognized his friends. Until he began realizing on his infirmity he was very poor, but his dime museum engagements netted him nearly \$12,000.

GIRLS ARRESTED BY DOZENS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A still hunt that was planned by Superintendent Murray and Inspector Steers, and carried out by Capt. Reilly, culminated the other night in a raid on the house of Jane Doe at 111 West Thirty-second street on a warrant obtained by Detective Powers.

Just before midnight Capt. Reilly, with Detectives Powers, Connolly, Perkins and Haggerty, advanced on Mrs. Doe's and made things lively. Mrs. Doe was not in, and five women of the house were also out, but this squad of men and women were marched through the streets to the Thirtieth street police station: George Watson, Joseph W. Laird, Theodore Dalton, Mark A. Norr, Albert Coyle, Charles Edwards, and Peter Reilly, Sadie and Mamie Williams, and Maggie Spain, and 123 other women. The women were calm and some of the men jubilant, particularly Coyle and Reilly, both of whom carried gripsacks. These two remarked that they were victims, but that it was all right. Mr. Coyle said that he was a produce merchant from Chicago; Mr. Reilly likewise. Mr. Edwards said he was a student, and the others said they were gentlemen. The young women were handsomely dressed, and were sprightly enough until Capt. Reilly directed that they be taken into the cells and locked up for the night. They didn't like that. The men seemed to think the raid was a pretty tough practical joke.

THE PASTOR OBJECTED TO GAMBLING.

A special from Phillipsburg, N. J., Dec. 5, says: Rev. Henry B. Townsend, pastor of the Presbyterian church, has handed in his resignation because an act of his led to considerable trouble and grumbling in the church society. Last week a fair was held in the church, and among the money-making arrangements was a chance to guess the number of beans in a bottle. A picture was to be the prize of the lucky guesser. The pastor objected very much to this scheme after the guessing at 10 cents a guess had begun, and the result was that all money was returned. But the young ladies who started the arrangement were very much disappointed, and a majority of the society took sides against the minister. The consequence of the talk was the resignation of the pastor, and it will be accepted.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



William E. Newcomb.

All the hardy American fishermen and seafaring men know the cheerful headquarters of Brother Newcomb, at St. John, N. B., where the genial spirits flow on these cold winter days among the many well-known sports who gather around the blazing fire to thaw out some of their queer winter chestnuts.

Marie Jansen.

This beautiful and highly accomplished young operatic artist is portrayed on another page.

John Most.

Everybody has read how John Most, the well-known anarchist, has been convicted of making a speech in this city advancing his wild ideas of anarchy.

An Unknown Burglar.

District Attorney Hamilton, of Saratoga Springs, is very anxious to find out who the bank burglar who calls himself James Green is. He was captured in the act of entering the bank at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Corporal Bailey.

It is alleged that Sherwood H. Bailey, of the Seventh Cavalry, has absconded and deserted from Fort Meade, D. T. The dooodle is said to have belonged to the Fort Meade Dramatic Association, the Independent Order of Good Templars and the Eureka Pleasure Club. A reward is offered for his capture.

Theodore C. Kemp.

Theodore C. Kemp, alias LeClair, is in jail in Greeley awaiting sentence for manslaughter, having killed J. R. Lampert, June 14, 1887. The case against Kemp was worked up by Detective Ela, of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association. The victim, Lampert, a native of Providence, R. I., had been for two years in the employ of Doc Welch as sheep herder on a ranch twenty-two miles northeast of Greeley, Weld county, Col.

James B. Lander.

James B. Lander, the subject of our sketch, was born in Nairn, Scotland, in 1837, and is one of Detroit's representative Scotsmen. He came to America in 1857, (after a short sojourn in Jamaica, where his father owned a large sugar plantation,) and settled in Detroit in 1864, engaging in business as a grocery and liquor merchant in the Russell House block, where he still holds forth. Mr. Lander was appointed sole agent for the Anchor Line of Steamships in 1877, and has one of the largest ocean passenger agencies in the State, representing five different lines, all staunch, and of the safest and best. His energy, enterprise and strict integrity have brought about the merited success he enjoys, and he is worth in the neighborhood of \$75,000. He is a staunch Democrat, and was elected by a majority of 200, in a Republican ward of 300 majority, over a popular and strong candidate.

A FORTUNE LOST AND WON.

The fact has already been published in the VIRGINIAN that Mr. T. M. Benson, the popular chief clerk of the Old Dominion Steamship Company at Newport News, was the fortunate winner of one-tenth of the capital prize of \$150,000 in the November drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. The press dispatches had it that W. H. Landon, of Newport News, had been the winner, and thereby hangs the tale of how a very respectable fortune was lost and won. The particulars are as follows: A party of five had individually purchased tenth tickets in the last drawing. Among them was a youth named W. H. Landon, and the tenth of a ticket he purchased was 71,411. After receiving his ticket and holding it for some time he thought there was more money in selling his ticket than in holding it, and he sold to Mr. T. M. Benson.

Mr. Benson is a regular subscriber to the Norfolk VIRGINIAN, and always looks upon it as a welcome visitor, but never more so than when he read in it the announcement of the lucky numbers in the last drawing and saw that the ticket he held, No. 71,411, was the one that drew the first capital prize. He is a married man, with a loving wife and two beautiful children, and he took quick steps to his pleasant home, and read the happy announcement contained in the VIRGINIAN to his dear ones. Mr. Benson is a very practical man. He placed his ticket in the charge of the Home Savings Bank of Norfolk for collection, and quietly pursues the even tenor of his business. He has been investing one dollar a month in the Louisiana State Lottery for some years, and considers that it was a profitable investment. He has been the recipient of many letters and telegrams of congratulation from friends throughout the country.—Norfolk (Va.) Virginian, Dec. 3.



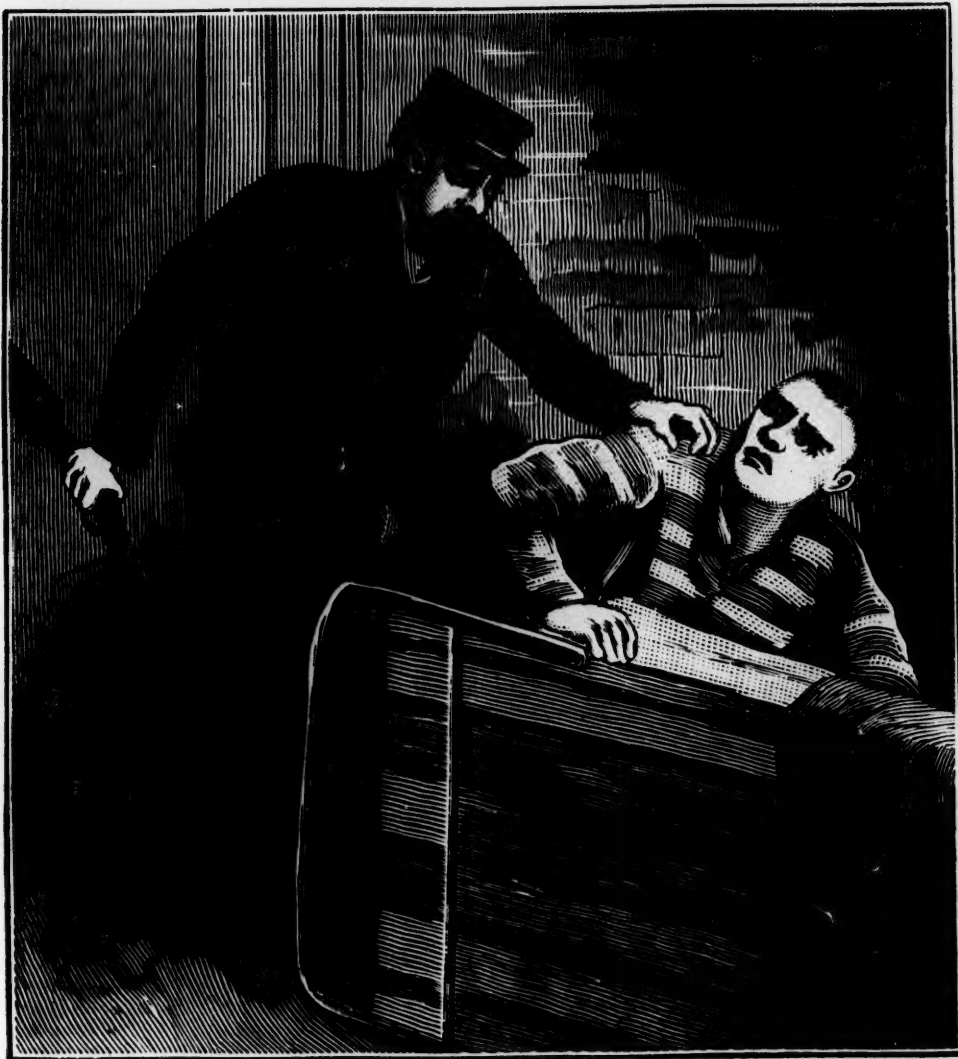
MARIE JANSEN,

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS AT PRESENT WITH COL. MCCAULL'S OPERA COMPANY



JAMES B. LANDER,

ALDERMAN-ELECT FROM THE FIRST WARD OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



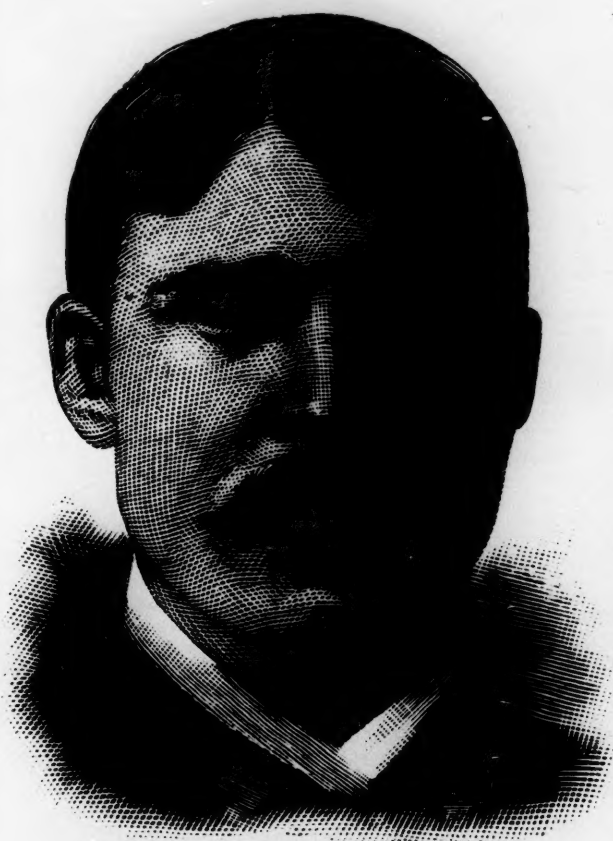
CAUGHT AT LAST.

CONVIOT MAUER OF AUBURN PENITENTIARY IS FINALLY DISCOVERED AFTER A PROLONGED SEARCH BY THE AUTHORITIES.



A WHOLESALE RAID.

CAPTAIN REILLY OF NEW YORK PULLS MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE STREET WALKERS.



SHERWOOD H. BAILEY,

CORPORAL OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE
ABSCONDED WITH A BOODLE FROM FORT MEADE, D. T.



JOHN MOST,

THE LITTLE ANARCHIST WHO HAS BEEN CONVICTED IN THIS CITY
FOR MAKING SOME STRANGE SPEECHES.



"LORD COURTENAY,"

ALIAS JOHN REGINALD TALBOT, THE RANK SWINDLER WHO PLAYED
A GAY GAME IN NEWARK, N. J., SWELL SOCIETY.



SHE WAS CRAZY.

THAT IS WHY JEALOUS MISS MAGGIE LLOYD THREW VITRIOL IN YOUNG HOWARD POTTER'S FACE AT READING, PENNSYLVANIA.



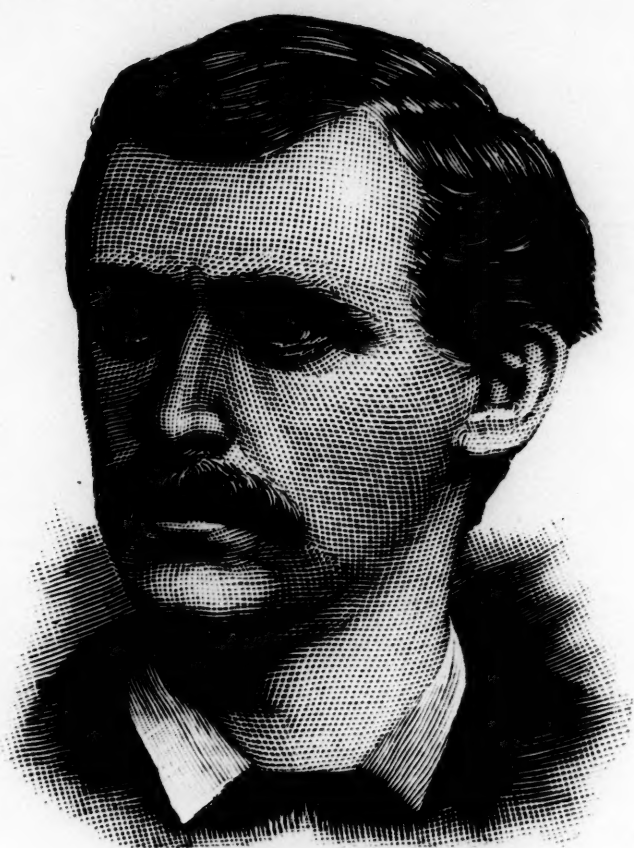
FRANK F. MULLER,

THE YOUNG BROOKLYNITE WHO DID SOME GAY AND FESTIVE
PAINTING AT OAKLAND, CAL.



AN UNKNOWN BURGLAR.

THE QUEER PUZZLE WHICH DIST. ATT'Y HAMILTON OF SARATOGA
SPRINGS HAS NOT AS YET SOLVED.—WHO IS HE?



THEODORE C. KEMP,

CONVICTED OF HAVING KILLED J. E. LAMPERT, A SHEEP HERDER,
NEAR GREELEY, WELD COUNTY, COOL.

OFF COLOR.

The Woman Who Passes in
England as John L.
Sullivan's Wife.

ANNIE LIVINGSTON.

The Real Mrs. John L. Sullivan
Gives the Champion of Cham-
pions Away.

HIS DOMESTIC HISTORY.

The Boston correspondent of the New York Sun writes Dec. 3: In the midst of the homage paid to Boston's first citizen, the Englishmen are not losing sight of the fact that Champion John L. Sullivan is accompanied on his triumphal tour by a representative of American, not to say Boston, womanhood, whose charms have excited an admiration as universal as that aroused by the Big Fellow's regal physical powers. For obvious reasons, this admiration has found expression in most respectful and deferential terms. English newspapers are full of paragraphic tributes to the beauty, the dashing style, and the piquant sang froid of "Mrs. John L. Sullivan." If John is the king of the ring, she is fast laying claim to queenly rank in the type of easy-going, self-reliant womanhood, with which Boston and New York are more familiar than



MRS. JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

London and Liverpool. She divided the honors with the champion before the monster mob which held them prisoners in their car on arriving in London. They cheered her frantically when she pluckily faced the crowd in an attempt to force a passage of escape. Ever since she has been prominent in every public assemblage where Sullivan has appeared. Her well-developed, voluptuous figure, and bright, sensuous, half saucy beauty made her a splendid match for the ideal physical man.

The champion's lawful wife is living quietly at Centerville, R. I., and the woman traveling with Sullivan in England as his wife is Annie Livingston, a handsome actress with a romantic history, whose husband, Fred Anderson, is quite well known in Boston.

The audacity of the proceeding has furnished immunity until now from publicity and comment. Personal friends of the champion and of his mistress of course know all about the situation, and equally of course they have talked about the matter only among themselves. Less than half the crowd of admirers that flocked around and cheered the morning Sullivan sailed proudly out of the harbor knew that the handsome woman by his side on the deck of the Cunarder was anything else than the wife the champion represented her to be. Most of those who did know her as Annie Livingston, the actress, supposed as a matter of course that the easy divorce laws of Massachusetts had relieved the one of a no-longer-desired wife and the other of an in-the-way husband. Nobody dreamed of making any inquiries about the matter of the persons concerned, and those who did understand the whole business winked quietly at one another, and said it was no one's affair but their own. But there are two persons who do propose to make it their business to investigate the free-and-easy arrangement which now exists, and their names are Mrs. John L. Sullivan and Mr. Fred Anderson.

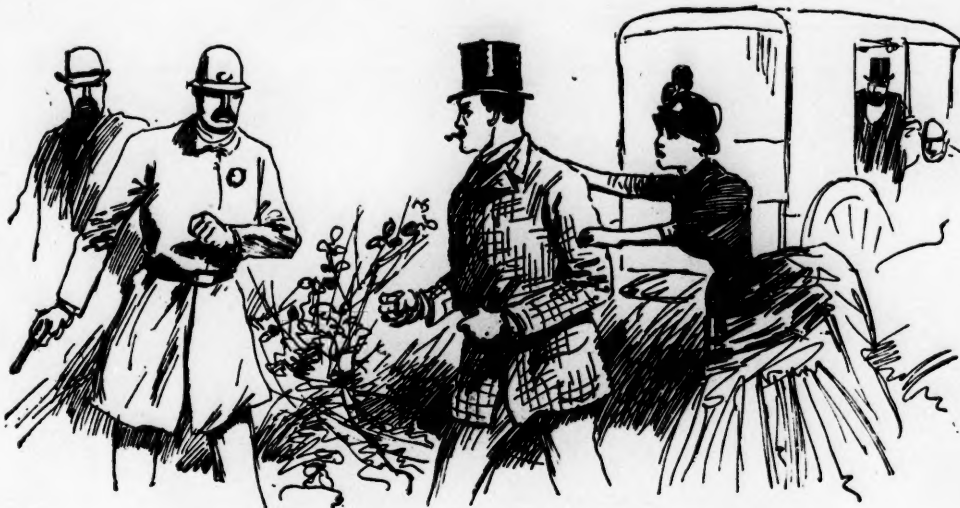
Sullivan's relations with Annie Livingston date back about two years. She is by no means the only woman who has claimed his attentions during that time, but she has certainly held the highest place in his favor. She went with him on his last Western sparring trip, but their relations at that time were not as unconcealed as now. Sullivan went on one of his periodical sprees on that trip, and it was no easy matter to manage him. Annie told her friends some queer stories on her return about her experiences with him. At the Palmer House, Chicago, one day, the champion was seized with a dignified freak while in liquor. He arrayed himself in the swiftest raiment in his wardrobe, and then fell, plug hat, white choker and all, into a half-filled bath tub. Annie and another girl soused him in the water for an hour until they had sobered him.

Sullivan's last prolonged spree was a two-weeks' drunk at the Ocean House, Nantasket Beach, last summer. He and a party of friends had the whole house, of 100 or more rooms, to themselves for the entire time, and one long orie it was. It was during this time that he was to appear at the rink on the beach

and give a sparring exhibition for the benefit of a Catholic church, but he was too drunk to do more than make a sad display of himself.

One of his escapades at the beach came near ending in a tragedy, which would have effectually cancelled the European trip. It was in August. Sullivan and seven or eight of his friends wanted a ride. They had been drinking heavily, and all the men in the party were ready for a racket. Two or three women were ready to join them, so they hired two carryalls at the

England. I have seen it stated in the papers that Mrs. Sullivan did this, or Mrs. John L. Sullivan did that, and all the time Mrs. John L. Sullivan was right here in Rhode Island. But the public don't know it. Those people over in England don't know the wrong that is being done me. They think that that woman is his legitimate wife. If they know anything about our divorce case they think we made up again. He is treating me cruelly, but I can't help myself. Even in Boston they think that I am with him. The last time I



ANNIE INTERFERES AND SAVES JOHN FROM THE LOCK-UP.

Hotel Nantasket stables and started. They drove over the Jerusalem road, laughing and singing, and driving so recklessly that even the horses were astonished. John L. insisted upon handling the ribbons in one of the carryalls, and although several had clamored for the honor of driver, they immediately agreed that nobody could drive like John. He seemed to think so, and he found out just how fast that animal could go before he had been out fifteen minutes. No mishap occurred on the outward trip. When they turned homeward they narrowly escaped an upsetting, but that only added zest to the frolic. The horse driven by Sullivan took the lead. Through the darkness he saw two persons walking by the side of the road, and swore he would ride them down for fun. One of them was a policeman, who grabbed the horse. Sullivan jumped out to thrash him, but the little policeman overawed him with a pistol.

By this time the other carriage had driven up and the occupants alighted to learn the cause of the trouble. Annie Livingston rushed up to Sullivan and grabbed him by the arm.

"What row have you got into now?" she said. "You are drunk. Come along home and behave yourself!" and she pulled the big man toward the carriage.

In the meantime the others of the party had settled the matter with the policeman and he allowed them to go.

Some one present remarked upon Sullivan's lamb-like attitude when Annie Livingston tackled him.

"She's got him right under her thumb!" said one of the party to another the next day, when they were talking over the matter.

"Has she, though?" put in a third. "You should have been at the house after they returned. Sullivan didn't say much. But, Lord! how he did go for her when they got to their room! He knocked her down, and she ran away from him. She's gone back to the city now, and he's after her."

Sullivan followed her to Boston, and they made up in a few hours. That is the most serious row that has yet disturbed their relations.

The real Mrs. John L. Sullivan lives in Centerville, R. I., a little town twelve miles from Providence, on the Providence and Willimantic division of the New York and New England railroad. At present she is making her home with a sister. She is a handsome brunette, with sparkling black eyes and black hair that curls daintily around her forehead. A reporter searched some time before he could get any information as to her whereabouts, and when he did

was there I met a friend, who exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Sullivan, I thought you were in England!" I explained to her that Sullivan was introducing this other woman as his wife. All who knew the facts ask me why I don't denounce them. I suppose I ought to, but I haven't had the chance until now."

"Did you know that they were planning to go abroad together?"

"Yes, I heard of it several days before they started, and I wish now that I had stopped them. But I didn't know how to do it, and, besides that, I didn't want to make a fuss. What can a woman do, anyway?" and Mrs. Sullivan let her hands drop helplessly in her lap.

"I wish now that I had confronted them," she said, starting up from her chair. "It would have prevented all this scandal, any way."

Mrs. Sullivan paced the room for a few seconds, and then sat down again.

"They thought I was going to make trouble," she said, more to herself than to the reporter. "They didn't dare go on the boat together. Some one told Sullivan that I was going to stop them, and I hear that he was scared. He sent the woman to the boat ahead of him, and waited until the last minute before going himself. Then he drove down to the wharf in a closed carriage. A friend of mine who was there said that Sullivan looked all around for me. This friend knew that John did not get a divorce from me, and when he was introduced to that woman and heard her called 'Mrs. Sullivan,' he went to Sullivan and asked, 'Where is your other wife?' Sullivan scowled at him and walked away. He clenched his fist as though he wanted to hit my friend for asking after me, but he didn't dare do that."

"Have you ever seen this woman?" asked the reporter.

"Seen her? I don't want to. She isn't worth looking at [spitefully]. I've heard all about her, though. She's a fit companion for him. They make a good team. She's been after him for a long time, and I hope she's satisfied now. Only for the fact that my name is dragged into it, I wouldn't care that," and Mrs. Sullivan snapped her fingers viciously to show her contempt for her husband and his mistress.

"I am his wife," she continued, "and God knows I'm sick of it. I used to think how grand it must be, but when I found out what a drunken brute he was I realized my fate. My eyes were opened when it was too late. He treated me all right and he was as good as a man could be until we were married. Then, whenever

didn't know what he did, and I was afraid he would kill the baby when he was hitting me. I lived with him as long as I could, but when I found that my life was in danger I left him, and came here to my brother's, bringing baby with me. Then the divorce case came on, and since that I haven't laid eyes on Mr. Sullivan. I don't want to, either. While baby lived I was happy, and only wanted to keep away from the man who had threatened to kill me. But when baby died I thought I should go crazy. He was all I had, and it seemed cruel to take him from me. I haven't yet become reconciled to his loss."

Mrs. Sullivan broke down completely and sobbed quietly for a few minutes. Then she resumed her story.

"When baby died it seemed no more than right that Mr. Sullivan should provide some little monument or stone to show where he was buried. I wrote to him and told him of baby's death, and asked him to place a stone at the grave. He sent back word that he wouldn't contribute one cent unless I would come back and live with him. He knew I wouldn't do that."

"Is that the last you heard from him?"

"Yes. I wrote to him that I should never have anything more to do with him, and he didn't answer. He has plenty of money to spend on wine and on other women, but he can't provide a stone for his own child's grave."

Not a great deal is known in Boston about Annie Livingston's antecedents. Annie Livingston by the way, is only a stage name, although she is better known by it than by her real one. Her maiden name was Anna B. Nallor, and her present legal name is Anna B. Anderson. She is twenty-eight years old, and for nearly ten years she appeared in minor parts in various theatres throughout the country, being on the road with a number of companies. Her husband, Frank B. Anderson, says that he first met her in Boston in 1876. She then sang in the chorus in Rice's "Corsair" at the Globe theatre. Mr. Anderson says that she has a romantic history, but by advice of his counsel he does not wish now to make it public. He says that when he first met her she was, as she is now, one of the handsomest and most fascinating women he had ever seen. He married her after a few months' acquaintance in 1876, and they lived together for a few years. They have a child, a daughter of nine years, who is now living with her father's parents in Providence.

Anderson says that he and his wife separated some time before divorce proceedings were begun by her in 1893. The case was tried at the October term of that



ANNIE LIVINGSTON.

year, and Mr. Anderson at first was inclined to allow her to obtain the decree on her own application, but as she asked a divorce on the ground of his alleged unfaithfulness, he decided that he owed it to himself and his family to make a defense. Accordingly he filed a cross libel, and when the case was tried it was vigorously contested, and both petitions were denied. Mr. Anderson has seen little or nothing of his wife since that time, and only recently learned that she was the woman travelling with the champion as Mrs. John Sullivan. Mr. Anderson did not say so, but it was inferred from his remarks to the Sun correspondent that he proposes to again bring proceedings for divorce, based on his wife's present relations with Sullivan. Mr. Anderson is now connected with the Howard Athenaeum, of this city, and he will soon go on the road with a theatrical company. He has been in business in Boston and Providence for a good many years as a confectioner.

THE POLICE CLAIM KNOCKED TO PIECES.

A special from Rochester, Dec. 5, says: For several weeks the Board of Police Commissioners has been under investigation in this city by a committee of the Common Council. The Police Board is charged with allowing gamblers to operate in violation of the city ordinance, and it is alleged that the police officers have allowed gambling-houses to conduct business on the main streets of the city. The police have denied the charge and also claimed that the gambling-houses were closed. This afternoon a constable was sent by the investigating committee to serve subpoenas on certain persons suspected of gambling to compel them to testify. The constable entered one man's place within 300 feet of a police station, and found the owner and about twenty inmates playing poker and faro.

PREACHERS AND THE SUNDAY LAW.

A special from Chicago, Dec. 5, says: At the weekly meeting of the Methodist ministers of the city to-day, Rev. C. A. Blanchard, of Wheaton College brought up the question of Sunday labor and Sabbath breaking. The same resolutions that were read at the Evangelical Alliance were again read. The committee has been instructed to send a copy of the papers to every minister in the United States, so that every congregation may be notified of the action taken by the Alliance. The ministers are instructed to make an appeal to the people for assistance in their attempt to abolish all Sunday labor. The things aimed at are Sunday newspapers, carrying mails on Sunday, running railroad trains, operating telegraph wires and the holding of military reviews.

N. B.—We shall be pleased to furnish any newspaper in the United States or Canada with electro-types of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jim Smith, the English champion, now matched to fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the championship of the world, on application to Richard K. Fox.



JOHN INDULGING IN A FEW KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENTS.

reach the house he learned that she was visiting a brother at Natick, Mr. Henry H. Bates. When she learned the object of the reporter's visit she willingly told him her story.

"I am glad you came to me," she said, "and I am glad the Sun is going to show that man in his true light. I have read what has been in the papers about Mr. Sullivan and that woman, and I have longed for a chance to let the public know how I am being wronged. I know that there are lots of people who think that I have made up with my husband and am with him in

he got drunk, and that was nearly all the time. I had to look out for myself. I thought things would be different when the baby came, but he was just as bad as ever."

Mrs. Sullivan's eyes grew moist when she mentioned the baby's name. The little one died about a year ago, and the mother's grief is not yet softened.

"Did your husband ill treat the little one?"

"No," replied Mrs. Sullivan. "He thought the world of the baby, and even when he was drunk, he made no attempt to hurt him. But when he was drunk he

ALL VOTE AYE!

The Endorsement of Jake
Kilrain Unanimously
Carried.

MORE TRIBUTES.

No American Champion Has Ever
Held Such a Glorious
Commission.

HIS VICTORY SURE.

Charley Johnson, the noted sporting man and boniface of Brooklyn; George Engeman, of the Brighton Beach and Clifton race tracks, and his associate in business and inseparable companion, James Wakeley, sailed for England Saturday last on the Servia, of the Cunard line, to witness the Kilrain and Smith fight, and, the fates willing, bring back Kilrain champion of the world. Mr. Johnson is the American second who will go behind the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and he will get him all that is right, too. A reception was held at Johnson's sporting house the night before sailing, at which every politician and sporting man in Brooklyn, and many friends from New York attended. The steamer sailed at 7 A. M., but even at that early hour the dock was crowded with friends to bid them God speed and all good luck. Ex-Alderman Phil Casey, champion hand-ball player of the world; ex-Alderman Jim Dunne, John Courtney, Assemblyman Peter McCann, Phil Dwyer, Phil Duffy, Thos. P. Cook, John J. Broderick, of St. Louis; Billy Courtney, Charles O'Connor, Alderman Kane, Mike Coffey, Jim McGarry, Pop Martin, James Gibbons, Billy Henderson, of Brooklyn, John Lawlor, the Irish hand-ball champion, and his backer, Mr. Thos. Walters, of Dublin, Phil Lynch, Arty Kirker, Frank Stevenson, Richard K. Fox and Frank Carroll are some of the notables who last filed down the steamer's gang plank at the final warning "all ashore."

Many handsome floral tributes were displayed about the steamer's saloon. A prominent piece, the omen of good luck, a horseshoe over 4 feet high, a card attached to which read, "Bring home Jake Kilrain champion of the world. Charley Johnson, the American second of Jake Kilrain. Compliments of Richard K. Fox."

DEC. 2, 1887.

To Mr. George W. Atkinson and Mr. Wm. E. Harding:
This letter will be presented to you by my friend Mr. Charles Johnson of Brooklyn. I desire that Mr. Johnson will act as Jake Kilrain's American second, and, in conjunction with Mr. Harding, look out for Jake's interest and mine. There are a great many complaints made in this country as to Jake having no American representative. By Mr. Johnson's filling that position the American public will feel Jake won't get the worst of it. Mr. Johnson is a great admirer of Jake's, and wants him to come back champion of the world. Charley Mitchell and he will work amicably together.

Yours very truly, RICHARD K. FOX.

Mr. Johnson has been referee and stakeholder in more fights and matches than any sporting man in the inner circle. He held the stakes in the Ryan and Goss fight, and at the ring side was offered the position of referee, which he refused. He has witnessed all the big fights that have occurred in twenty-five years. He is a man of this word, game, and one whom all England cannot bluff.

OPINIONS FROM MANY SOURCES.

Sheriff Farley, of Kings County, N. Y., says: "If Kilrain only gets a fair show across the ocean he will no doubt come back a winner. Now that my fellow-townsmen, Charley Johnson, will be behind him in the ring, his chances for victory have increased fifty per cent."

Ed. Sherlock, "The Abbey," Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I think Kilrain is a very fine young man, full of pluck and strength. There is no reason why he should not whip the Englishman to the Queen's taste."

Phillip Cross, Superintendent N. Y. Bottling Company: "I am a boxer myself in private, and an Englishman. However, my judgment tells me that Kilrain is the best man and no doubt champion of the world."

Assemblyman John McGroarty, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "This is the first fight for years which has attracted so much attention. I hope the American will win, and, so far as I know, I see no reason why he should not."

John Walsh, Park Theatre Cafe, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I am with Kilrain in this great contest, and so is my money; that speaks for itself. I hope he gets fair play, and I think he will, now that Mr. Fox has appointed Charley Johnson, a good American, to be one of his seconds."

John W. Hamilton, Manager for Herrmann: "I hope that Kilrain will get fair play. I think it will be a very close and hard contest. Of course I am with the American."

Col. Tom Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Certainly I think Kilrain can knock the duff out of the blooming Smith. You ought to know that without asking me."

J. D. Hayes, of Ashland, Wis., the backer of Mike Conley, writes: "I hope Kilrain will win, and I am satisfied he can if given a fair show. He is a game man and a fighter, every inch of him. If the fight is as well managed as was the Ryan-Sullivan affair, Kilrain will return to America the champion of the world."

John Proctor, of Plaquemine, La., writes: "I trust Kilrain will recross the big pond victorious, and then have a go with John L., and give him what Paddy gave the duff."

J. F. Warden, Theatre Royal, Belfast, Ireland: "Kilrain has many admirers here. Among the

sports he is the favorite, and is looked upon as sure to win. I have some pounds on him myself."

Jem Carney, the English champion light-weight, says: "Kilrain will be dealt squarely with and the best man will be allowed to win."

S. H. Wentworth, Darlington, S. C., writes: "I have \$50 on Kilrain and only wish it was \$5,000. Success to Kilrain."

Dominick McCaffrey says he thinks if the wrestling permitted by the new rules of the London prize ring and the mob present are not too much for him, Kilrain will beat Jem Smith in the coming fight.

Pat McKeon, 120th street and Third avenue: "Smith is a good man, but I think Kilrain is the better."

Jack Elliott, of Pelham Bridge: "Kilrain is the man for my money. Kilrain will lick him as quick as old George Rooke did Bill England."

Thos. Hughes, of Baltimore: "The mob won't scare Jake. I saw them all fight, and he is the man for my money."

John Stroab, of Harlem: "Kilrain will win to a certainty. If I had the time I would go over for the fight."

Billy Madden: "It will be a good battle, and Jake will win."

Mark Maguire: "Kilrain is a wonderful fighter. I have yet to see the man who is a better general. He is big, active and strong, and, in my opinion, is the best man in the ring to-day."

Jim Barclay, of Sixth Avenue, N. Y.: "Kilrain has reach, height and a cool head. He is a hard fighter, awkward to get at, and if he can't lick Smith, I'm no judge."

Joe Coburn, ex-champion of America: "If I second Kilrain, I'll bring him out a winner."

Bill Bradburn, champion heavy-weight of Illinois: "Kilrain is a sure winner."

Ex-Alderman Casey, of Brooklyn: "I'd like to go over to see the fight. Kilrain is the man for my money."

Jere Dunn, of Chicago: "Kilrain ought to whip Smith like breaking sticks."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, says: "Kilrain is the only fighter in the world."

John Charles, of Baltimore: "Kilrain ought to win if given a fair chance; Smith will be nothing in his hands."

Frank Glover, heavy-weight pugilist of Chicago: "Kilrain is one of the cleverest men I ever saw. He ought to have an easy job doing Smith."

Harry Frank, of Chicago, Glover's backer: "I saw Kilrain with Mitchell and he made a fool of Charley. If he doesn't win this fight then I don't know anything about fighters."

George La Blanche, the "Marine": "Kilrain is a game fighter, clever and quick, and, though Smith may give him a good fight, I think he will win."

Eddie Madden, of the Theatre Comique: "Smith must be a good one to get the backing for \$5,000 in England, but Kilrain is my choice, and I think he'll win."

Dick Hill: "Kilrain is the right man, but he can't fight the mob and Smith too."

Frank E. McNish, of McNish, Slavin & Johnson's Minstrels: "I think the man that is doing the least talking is going to win this fight. I haven't heard Kilrain say anything yet, while Smith has done nothing but shoot off his mouth. Kilrain has got a good trainer and second."

Chas. Seeling, Sporting Goods, Bowery: "Kilrain's career shows him to be the best man in America, and I'll bet any part of \$5,000 that he whips Smith."

James Nertney, Castle, Colorado: "Best wishes to yourself and success to Kilrain."

Chas. J. Carr, Lafayette, Ind.: "Hope Kilrain will win."

W. A. Vansickle, 79 Thomas street, Newark, N. J.: "All the boys are backing Kilrain to win."

Geo. Rogers, P. M., Quenemo, Kan.: "Hurrah, Jake!"

Wm. Drisler, South Bethlehem, Pa., writes: "This town is solid for Kilrain. Sullivan, Smith and a dozen like stuffs couldn't whip one side of Jake. It took Smith half a day to make a draw with poor old Greenfield, and he has the nerve to stack up against our champion. Bah! Kilrain can whip Smith, Sullivan and Greenfield in the one ring with half a dozen punches."

John Courtney, of Brooklyn: "Kilrain will win the fight without a black eye. He can whip any man that puts up a hand to-day. Sullivan he can make a sucker of, and there is nobody knows this better than Sullivan himself."

David P. Seelig, of Chicago, writes that he has seen Kilrain in all his fights, and thinks Jake's chances in coming out victorious are all.

Tom McAlpine: "I fancy Jake ought to do that man Smith. I have seen him box Mitchell, and Charley is a clever man, but he could get none the best of Jake, and, as I take it, Jake is a better fighter than he is a boxer."

Arty Kerker, of Harlem: "Kilrain will win to a certainty. Smith, like all the other English fighters, is cracked as a terror, but I have yet to see the one that can whip an American."

Bobby Hughes, the bookmaker: "Kilrain won't have any trouble doing Smith, and if the mob is kept away from the ring side he'll win like breaking sticks."

Jack Titus, who saw Heenan fight in California, says: "I believe in the American champion every time. Richard K. Fox has got the winner sure."

Downey Woods: "Smith might be good enough and make a good fight with some Englishman like him— if, but when he stacks up against the fighters on this side he is outclassed. I think Kilrain the best man in the world to-day, and he will win sure if he is not done out of the fight by a mob. The English are tough citizens when it comes to holding up the champion's end."

W. E. Gooding, John P. Clow's manager, in the Duluth Tribune:

"What is your opinion of Kilrain's chances in the coming contest with Smith?"

"Well, I have hardly given the subject very much attention, but I cannot see why every one should think that Smith is going to have a walk-over. It must be remembered that all the reports we have heard about Smith are written by the English sporting papers,

and necessarily would be more or less highly colored. He never has done much; that is a matter of record. Jack Davis, whom he knocked out, our Mike Donovan, a middle-weight, bested while in this country, and his contest with Alf Greenfield was stopped after fighting eleven rounds, although, to give him his due, there is no question but he would have won. This is the sum total of his achievements. Kilrain, it is true, has never fought London prize ring rules, but has met nearly all the best men in the country, except Sullivan, and has either whipped them or made good draws. He is very clever, long in the reach, a hard hitter and a great general in the ring, and unless Smith is a phenomenon should certainly be close up to the winning post at the finish. If Smith should win handily, I hardly think Sullivan will be eager to make a match. He was certainly not anxious to make a match with Kilrain. I have always had an idea that if Sullivan was punished the way he punishes others, that the people would find a 'quitter.'

MILWAUKEE TO THE FORE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 23, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Regarding the coming fight between Jake Kilrain, the American representative, and Jem Smith, the Englishman, I can say this for Kilrain. He is a fighter from the start, has a good head and is full of determination, and furthermore he is a gentleman and no one could be more worthy of the position he holds than himself. I never considered him a fighter until I saw him spar with Mitchell at Shelbyville, Indiana, and I can honestly say, Mitchell had no more chance of whipping Kilrain than a dog had of killing a lion. Smith and Mitchell are an evenly matched pair, so the public can easily judge who will win the great international fight. Jake Kilrain sure. Kilrain and I had a 50-yard run once in Shelbyville, Ind., I gave him ten yards and beat him a foot. He is a good sprinter after he starts. Kilrain will fool the Englishman with his arms as I did with my legs. Success to Jake Kilrain.

Yours very truly, H. M. JOHNSON, Champion Sprinter of the World.

Kilrain is in training under Mitchell's care, at one of the most prominent watering places in England. Mr. Harding joined them on the 20th inst. He cables as follows:

LONDON, Dec. 2.

"Jake is in excellent form and fit as the proverbial fiddle. He could fight the battle to-day. His quarters are most pleasant with every convenience and facility for training. He takes plenty of fast pedestrian exercise to get up his wind and harden the muscles of his legs, kicks the football for half an hour each morning and spends about the same time, off and on, morning and afternoon, punching the bag. He uses the light rubber bag mostly, swings the clubs as a change off, using 4-pounders. His legs, arms and shoulders are hard as iron. He has got down to 150, and is physically perfect. He eats what he likes, sleeps from 9 in the evening until 6 A. M. has a salt water bath on arising and is well rubbed down by Mitchell and Rowell. Jake is in great favor among the English sports, who are not in the clique that is formed by Pat Seedy's patronage. The latter and his mob are in bad odor. The killing of Graham, one of their intimates, has caused a big excitement in London, and it has not added to their popularity. Seedy has charge of Graham's effects. On the body were found 220 and a gold chain. The Sullivan and Mitchell match is looked upon as a bluff on the part of Sullivan, whom no one believes has any intention of going into a ring to fight, and it was only made to try and resurrect a boom for the 'Big 'Un,' that has turned out a dead card."

Mr. R. Cooper of Nottingham, a well-known sporting man, who plays heavy on anything he fancies, has wagered Mr. G. W. Moore, of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels, £700 to £400 on Smith winning the forthcoming fight. All the money has been posted. Mr. Moore also put up £500 at the Sporting Life's office, and offered to back Kilrain for that amount at odds of 2 to 1, but no one coming forward to cover the money it has been returned. Mr. Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the Police Gazette, who is to represent Mr. Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain, in connection with the forthcoming international fight, sailed on Saturday from New York, in the Etruria, which is due to arrive off Queenstown to-day (Saturday). Mr. Harding holds a draft for £200, which amount he will hand to Kilrain to back himself when in the ring.—Sport, Dublin, Ireland.

Kilrain, who called at our office on Monday, looked as fit as the proverbial fiddle. On Tuesday he went into strict training for the international battle that will cause the pulse of Old England to stir from John O'Groats to Land's End.

The New York Clipper of Nov. 5 contains the following: "The announcement of the intention of John L. Sullivan upon his arrival in England caused George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life, to send a cablegram to the backer of Kilrain in this city, asking him if he was willing to back the winner of the coming championship battle between Kilrain and Jem Smith against Sullivan. In answer to this Richard K. Fox sent to this office communications, &c., embodying an offer to match Kilrain, win or lose with Smith, against Sullivan. The communication was accompanied with a certified check for \$500. Notification of the deposit was sent to Mr. Atkinson. The challenge is regular in every respect, and whatever may be the feelings of the Bostonian towards Kilrain or his backer he can't afford, especially under existing circumstances, to make a response thereto that will not be recognised as fair by the sporting public of Great Britain, on whom he will have to rely for the success of his tour abroad.—Sporting Life.

Among the sporting men of Omaha the coming Smith and Kilrain battle for the world's championship is beginning to attract considerable attention. No money has yet been offered in this city on the result, but the pool room people will write up a proposition a day or two before the day of battle dawns.—Omaha Chronicle.

KILRAIN'S HANDSOME COLORS.

The handsome colors to be worn by Jake Kilrain in his fight with Smith for the world's championship have been issued by Richard K. Fox. The ground work is of finest white silk, 32x33 inches. A deep border of red, white and blue is woven into the silk about one inch from the edge. In the center of the kerchief is a very striking likeness of Kilrain stripped to the buff in ring costume, lithographed from a photograph of the champion. Beneath is the inscription: "Jake Kilrain, champion pugilist of America, holder of the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, offered by Richard K. Fox, representing the championship of the world."

Woven into the silk in the upper left-hand corner of the colors is the shield of the United States; in the upper right-hand corner, a shield bearing the golden harp of Erin upon a green field; in the lower right-hand corner, the arms of the State of Maryland, partly superimposed upon a handsome American flag, and in the lower left-hand corner, the arms of the State of Massachusetts, similarly worked in over an Irish flag.—Daily News, Dec. 4th.

These colors, inclosed in a handsome box, will be forwarded to any address in the United States, charges paid, on receipt of \$5.00.

JOHN L. AT ST. JAMES HALL, LONDON.

Sullivan thanked the public for their patronage, and then, turning to Smith, who is by this time quite big enough for his boots, said he hoped that Jem would beat Kilrain.—Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.

Sullivan insulted the Stars and Stripes when, in a speech at St. James Hall, London, he publicly stated that it was his sincere wish that the British champion would defeat Kilrain, the American champion. Sullivan was afraid to fight the British champion, and he is jealous because Kilrain agreed to cross the Atlantic and fill a contract he should have done. It was a disgraceful act for John L. Sullivan to stand in front of an English audience with the American flag tied round his waist and publicly announce that he wished the British champion would defeat Jake Kilrain, who is a native born American and a native of New York, who is battling under the same flag. Sullivan's sentiments disgusted every American present. Sullivan has gone back on the Stars and Stripes. He recently said to Jem Smith: "I hope you will knock the duff out of Jake Kilrain. He is a cur, and will quit like a steer. I could lick Kilrain in a punch. You bet I am with you against the Baltimore duffer and Charley Mitchell. I will be at the ring side, Jem, when you fight Kilrain, and if you don't lick him I will help you."—Exchange.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Thomas Wallace, the promising young billiardist of Baltimore, is reported to be dying at his home in that city, of consumption. He is but twenty-five years of age, and during the brief time that he has been before the public has gained an enviable reputation as a clever artist with the cue and balls. He was a very promising match player, having plenty of nerve and good staying power, but ill health interfered with his plans and short what seemed certain to prove a brilliant career.

The Twenty-third Regiment Tennis Club will hold its second annual indoor tournament—gentlemen's singles—at the Armory, Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on Monday, 23rd inst. The matches will be the best two out of three sets, and the finals, best three out of five, with vantage sets. The rules of the National Association will govern. Prizes will be awarded to the first and second. Entries will close on Thursday, 23d inst., at 3 P. M., with J. W. Raymond, Secretary, No. 7 Wall street, this city.

Messrs. Hatton and Busby of Lexington, Ill., imported from France, on the Richmond Hill, which arrived last week, 42 stallions, for breeding. With the exception of three or four, all are Percheron Normans with pedigrees. The stock was selected from all over France, and Mr. Busby, in whose charge it is, says that there is no better in France. They are all young horses, the oldest being five years. Two of them, a gray and a black, are especially fine, weighing nearly a ton each. One horse died on the voyage. Part of them will be shipped to Janesville, Wis., and the remainder will go to Lexington.

The Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City held their second monthly boxing competition in their club gymnasium, in Grove street, Nov. 30. A few interesting bouts preceded the event of the evening, which was between Frank Patterson, of Washington Market, and Pat Cahill, the amateur champion of New Jersey. In the first round Cahill by repeated left hand leads at body and face had much the best of it. Rounds 2, 3 and 4 were of the same order, Cahill doing much the better work at both head and body. Cahill got first blood and knock-down in the final round, Patterson falling from a right hander. The judges decided in favor of Cahill.

The declination of the challenge sent by the Yale freshmen to the Harvard freshmen to row a two-mile race in New London next June, causes much dissatisfaction at Yale, and is thought to be the work of the University Boating Association, in order to prevent Yale from obtaining the practice to be derived from such a race. Harvard's declination will not, however, prevent the Yale freshmen from arranging races with other colleges, and they intend to issue challenges to Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, and they will go into training at once. There is abundance of excellent material, and they are not ashamed or afraid of showing what they can do with the oars. They will, however, have nothing further to do in trying to induce Harvard to make a race.

Fatsey Farrel, in a letter to Billy McClain, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen a letter from McCaffrey in which he says: 'I will give Farrel \$500 to spar me eight or ten rounds within 100 miles of Philadelphia. Should the fight be stopped I will pay his expenses and double the amount of his wages for his time.' To this, of course, I object, for if I went to Philadelphia he could easily afford to pay me that amount. On the other hand, if he is confident that he can whip me, he can win \$500 from me, instead of giving me any. I know what he wants; gate money he is after. Now, Billy, should we fight again I would like you to handle me. I will pay your expenses and whatever you demand. I am sure if the fight comes off here I would make \$1,000. I could sell tickets for \$10 each. There are no gamblers or crooks doing business for me. They are all honest men. I am feeling as good and as strong as ever; weigh 175 pounds stripped."

Frank Berry, of Paterson, and John Ryan, of Hackensack, shot a match at pigeons on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., Nov. 29. The match was for \$200 under old Long Island rules, 30 birds each, 21 yards rise, and trap and handle, 30 yards bounds, one barrel. Giles Johnson found the flyers for Berry to shoot at and he trapped them very scientifically. His lot, however, were not as good as those furnished by Bill Wilkinson of Paterson, for the Hackensack champion to blaze away at. For all this, Ryan, after a close and exciting shoot, won by one bird, killing 24 to his young rival's 23. Although Berry is but a young man, he has been practising pigeon shooting since he was ten years old, and he showed good judgment in making his shots. Almost every bird of the sixty was hit, several just reaching the top of the boundary fence. The following is the score:

John Ryan.—1 1 1 1 0, 1 1 0 1 0, 1 0 1 0, 1 0 1 1, 1 1 1 1

1, 1 1 1 1. Killed 24, missed 6.

Frank Berry.—1 1 1 1 1, 1 0 0 1 1, 1 0 1 0, 1 1 1 0, 1 1 1 1

1, 1 0 1 1. Killed 23, missed 7.

Referee—W. Seligier, of Monthair.

Longest string of kills—Ryan, 12; Berry, 6.

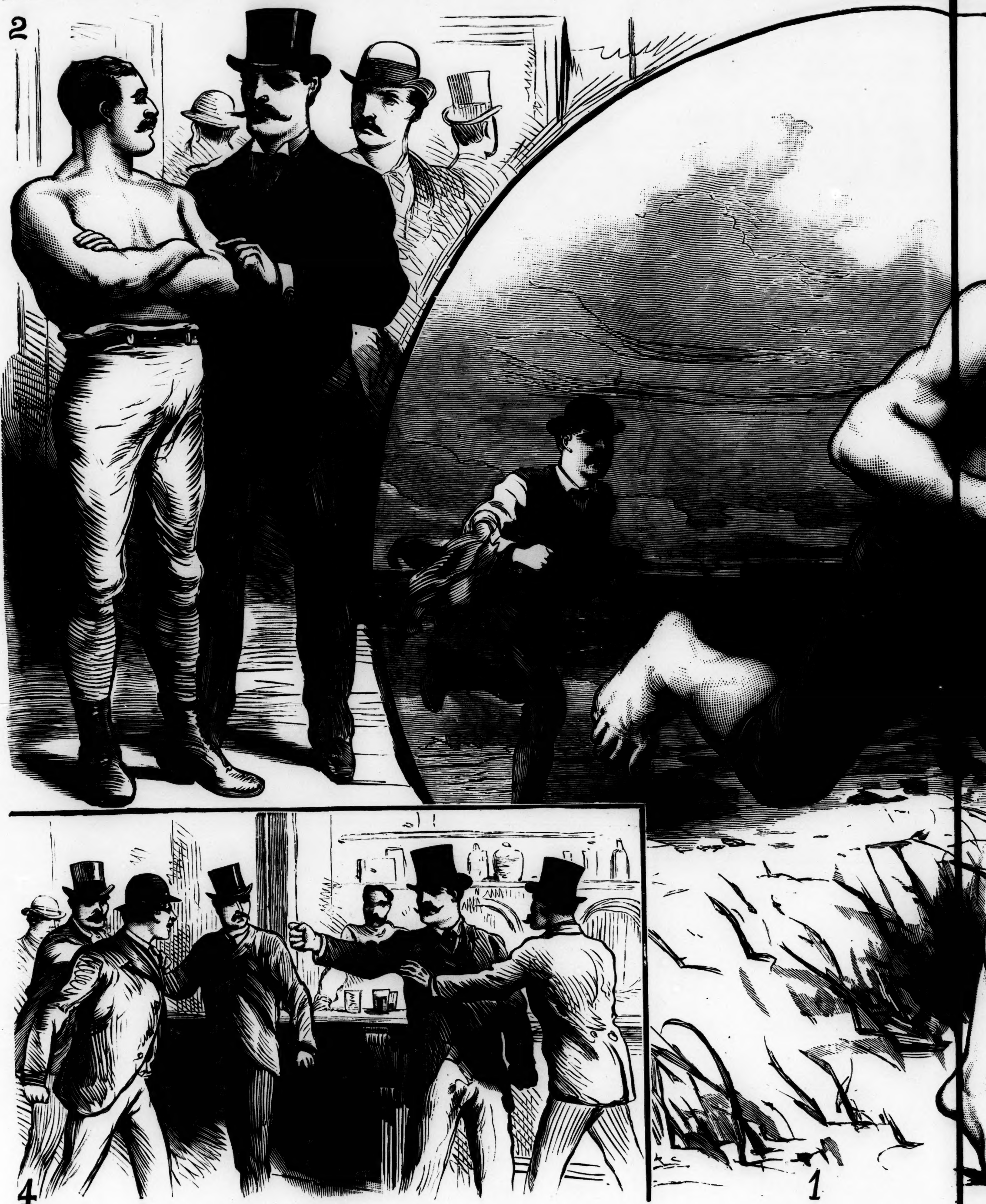
Time of shoot—One hour and twenty minutes.

The annual meeting of the National Amateur Skating Association of America was held at the Grand Union Hotel on Nov. 29. Mr. Gus M. L. Sachs was re-elected president; Mr. George A. Avery, vice-president; Mr. Gus. Walton, secretary; Mr. James A. Story, treasurer; Mr. William B. Curtis, captain, and Messrs. George D. Phillips and R. J. Schaefer respectively first and second lieutenants. As two Norwegian skaters of the first rank are expected here shortly, and will aid in the development of the enthusiasm which seems to be striking ice skaters this winter, the first motion on the selection of a skating headquarters was carefully discussed. Greenwood Lake, in New Jersey; Silver Lake, on Staten Island, and Little Ferry, on the Hackensack, were the places proposed, and the selection will be left till the next meeting, Dec. 16. A house will be hired or built at whichever place headquarters are decided upon, and all possible conveniences for skaters put in. The championship skating meeting this year will last but one day instead of three, as formerly, and the 25-mile race will probably be dropped in favor of a sprint race. Communication will be opened with the Canadian Skating Association, and one or two representatives from Montreal and Toronto will probably add flavor to the meet. If Greenwood Lake is chosen a regular carnival will be held.

THE CHAMPIONS IN ENGLAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

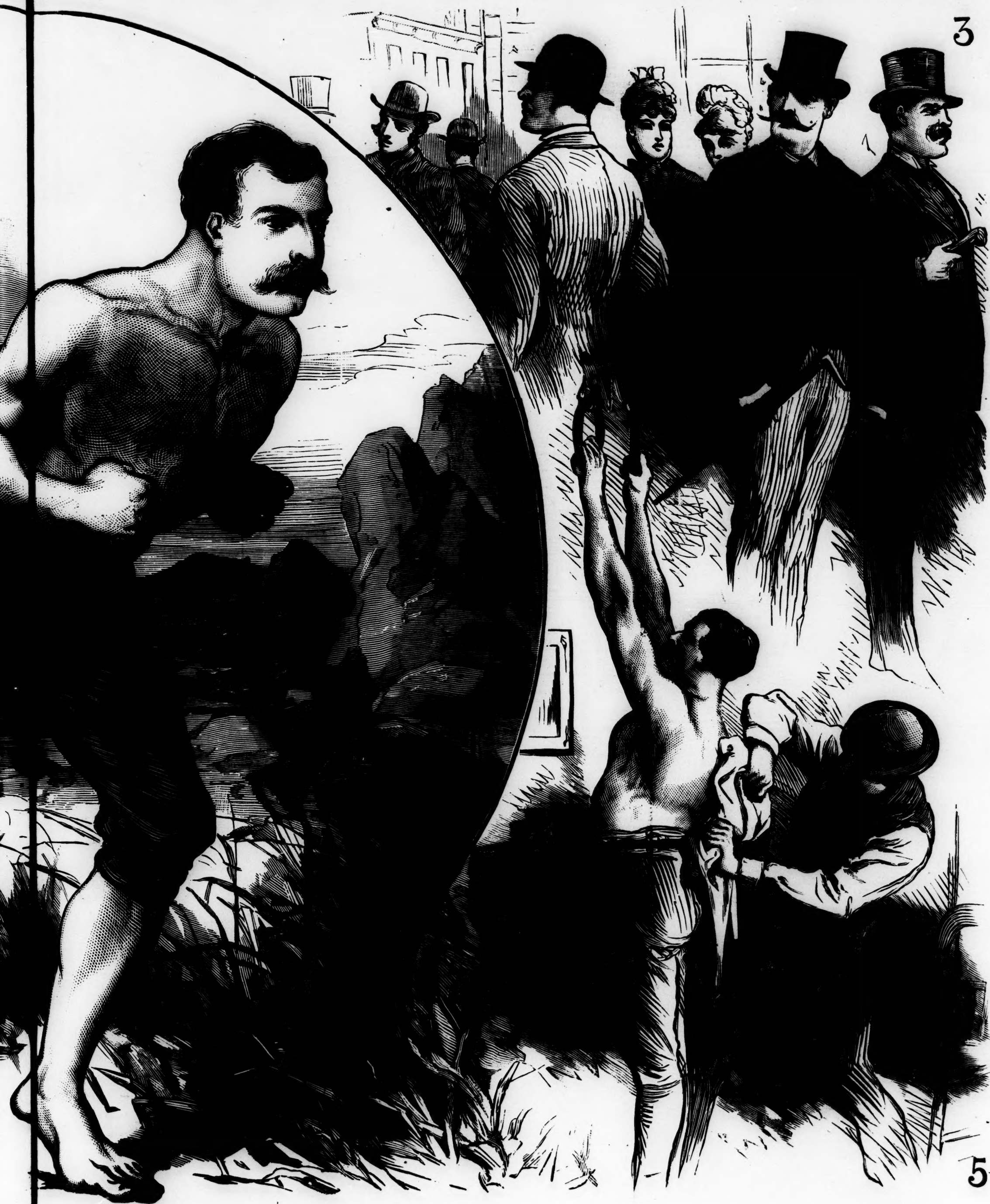
A double page illustration in this issue gives the last scenes of Kilrain and Smith's training on the south coast of England, which a letter in another part of the paper fully describes. The exciting meeting of Mitchell and bluffer Sullivan is also given, with a number of other interesting sporting pictures from England.



HOW THE AMERICAN CHAMPION IS MADE READY

STIRRING SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE DAILY LIFE AND PRACTICE OF JAKE KILRAIN

I.—Kilrain Running On the Beach. II.—Sullivan Giving Points to Jem Smith to Use Against Kilrain. III.—Sullivan Giving Points to Jem Smith to Use Against Kilrain. IV.—Sullivan Giving Points to Jem Smith to Use Against Kilrain.



READY FOR THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BATTLE.

AKE KILRAIN, THE BRAVE ANTAGONIST OF STURDY JEM SMITH, ENGLAND'S CHAMPION.

ng P Sheedy the Cold Shake in London. IV.—The Row Between Sullivan And Mitchell. V.—Rubbing Kilrain Down After His Bath.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell are matched to fight for \$500 a side. The match was made suddenly, while the big 'un was in a passion. He had just come from the hall where he and Alf Greenfield gave an exhibition, and was fairly boiling over with rage at the hissings and criticisms that greeted his fake set-to. Poor John. It didn't take the Londoner long to get on to his level.

This occurred on the 29th. He got a similar reception a night or two before. To get square, he went out and slugged a poor old beggar who asked him for alms. He got a column puff in the papers for this. His man Friday made the beggar a foot-pad, and had the exploit tumbled over to the morning papers here. He couldn't go on slugging old men without bringing up in the treadmill, and recognizing that the bottom had fallen out of their big 'un's boom, his managers forced him into signing articles for a match with Mitchell.

A meeting at which were present Mitchell, and his father-in-law, Pony Moore, the minstrel of St. James Hall; Wm. E. Harding, the POLICE GAZETTE's representative in the international fight between Kilrain and Smith; John Fleming, Jim Smith's manager; Sullivan, and his manager, Harry Phillips, and Geo. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, was held in a private room near the Houses of Parliament, London.

Mitchell told Sullivan what he wanted was principally satisfaction which he had been seeking from him for the last three years, and that he wanted to fight him in a 24-foot ring for \$500 a side.

Sullivan made the bluff that the stakes were too small, and that if he fought it must be in a 16-foot ring. A squabble ensued over the size of the ring. Sullivan said Mace and Goss fought twice in a 16-foot ring and that Mitchell did not want to fight.

Charley replied that if he didn't what then was he there for, and also that he had followed Sullivan all over America twice, and would up by telling him that he was a looking-glass fighter, and never tackled a good man in his life; and when Sullivan told him not to insult him, that he never forgot his manners, Charley said, "You never had any."

"What do you say, you blankety blank blank; come out in a back room and I'll fight you now."

Mitchell called him, and rose to leave the room to go and fight then and there, when Mr. Atkinson begged them to settle their business quietly and leave the fighting to be done at the proper time and in the regular way.

The big 'un was only too glad to get out of a bad scrape, and leaving his manager, Phillips, to act for him, he left the room.

Mitchell and Phillips quickly came to terms and articles for a fight with bare knuckles in a 24-foot ring for \$500 a side were drawn up and signed. The fight to take place within 1,000 miles of London, was inserted in the articles at the suggestion of Pony Moore, to prevent either party backing out by naming America, Australia or China. Each side put up £100 as the first deposit with Mr. Bull as stakeholder. The balance, £400, must be posted nine days before the fight.

A well-known sporting man was mentioned by Mitchell for referee, and an equally well-known member of the Stock Exchange was mentioned on behalf of Sullivan, it being agreed that when the final deposit is made both names should be put in a hat, a coin tossed in the air, and the winner to put his hand in and draw a name, who should act as umpire.

Phillips said to Mitchell, when they had concluded the match-making, that he hoped the best man would win, and thought Sullivan would be the one, but if Mitchell won he would like to bring him to America, where both could reap a fortune.

Mitchell thanked him and said: "If Sullivan beats me, they will have to carry me out of the ring in pieces."

The "World" and "Sun" have long dispatches about Sullivan and Mitchell. The reports are evidently highly colored. Mitchell pounded the *World* reporter and also struck the *Sun* reporter after Kilrain's first exhibition, as published in the *News* at the time. Both of the reporters are clever writers and are "pounding" Mitchell in their dispatches. Mitchell came to the scratch yesterday like a man. Sullivan acted in a blind, angry manner. If he gets in the ring with Mitchell, and does not restrain his ugly temper, he will have a hard time of it, for the stomach suffers from intense anger. The men were matched to fight to a finish with bare knuckles for \$500 a side. The date of the fight was not arranged. Each posted £100 and the remainder is to be put up within a week. Mitchell said that the fight might not take place until after the Smith-Kilrain fight. Sullivan wanted to fight last night, and was only prevented from laying out Mitchell by friends. London rules will govern the fight. Mitchell insisted on the 24-foot ring. Sullivan howled for a 16-foot ring. Mitchell, who is a cunning match maker, got the regulation ring, and taunted Sullivan all through the meeting. Sullivan called him a whelp, rogue and everything that his tongue could repeat. At the Sullivan exhibition in London, last night, he was hissed and severely criticised by the audience, and this made him mad, so the match was made while in a passion. —*Daily News*, Nov. 30.

Sullivan is a disappointment. Perhaps it is that we are accustomed to a higher class of fighting person, a more finished lot than those who affect "the fancy" are accustomed to, on your side of the Atlantic. It may be that our expectations were extravagant. I cannot say. An animal with splendid points is John L. Sullivan. I never saw a more superb torso; never more muscular arms. But when back, chest, arms and towering stature are extolled, the critic of bone and muscle must become, well, critical. Sullivan has the most indifferent pair of legs I ever saw upon the body of a gladiator. The clever people—the people who know all about the art and practice of the box—are not even wowed by Sullivan's style. In fact, Smith's reputation advanced a hundred per cent., by sheer force of contrast, as before Sullivan was half through his round with Ashton, "No form, no form," was the remark that was repeatedly made. Neither attacking nor "watching" met with the approval of good judges. "What a lot of luck he must have had to knock his men out with that kind of stuff!" I heard an old Corinthian say. It is the opinion of the majority of the experts that he has one "wonderful blow," and one only, that entitles him to be considered a big fighter, and that is his right. Everything, in their view, will depend on his getting that blow. Concerning the man's tremendous power of hitting—his brute strength—they say nothing. It speaks for itself. It is as a boxer, as a scientific exemplar of the noble art, that judges of the same pronounce him a disappointment. —*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Paddy Hughes, the champion jig dancer, and wife, known on the stage as Miss Nellie Oxford, returned from England last week. Their trip abroad occupied over four years. In that time they appeared in all the principal variety and music halls throughout Great Britain. Hughes had a forfeit posted with this office with standing challenge to dance any jig dancer in America for a year previous to his going to England. He wishes to renew this offer, and bars no one, but will dance any man in the world for a championship belt and \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

Jack Burke, the pugilist, is about due in Australia. He left Honolulu, en route for the colonies, on the 29th of October. The night of his arrival at Honolulu he gave an exhibition at the Hawaiian Opera House that had been arranged for him by James Welsh, of the Commercial Hotel there. A large audience was present. Burke and Welsh, and a number of men-of-war's men, set to.

John Courtney, the catcher of the old-time Eckford Club of Brooklyn, with Phil F. Lenhart, Jr., as partner, recently opened the International Hotel, 399 Berry street, formerly 2nd street, Brooklyn, E. D.

A second meeting between the bantams, Billy Davis and Eugene Hornbaker, is spoken of. Both are game, clever fighters, and a go-between them is well worth \$3 a ticket any time.

Pat Killen and Mike C. Conley are the next two heavy-weights who will enter the ring in the West. If Conley has his way. The fight will be to a finish, with skin gloves or bare

knuckles. He is hungering for a chance at Pat, and believes he can whip him so as to make him stay whipped.

Before the next issue of the "Police Gazette" goes to press the battle for the middle-weight championship and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt between Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan will be of the past. They are to fight to a finish with skin tight gloves, within 250 miles of New York, under London prize ring rules. This means a battle on the turf in the good old style. The stakes are \$1,000 a side. Every care has been expended on their training and when they enter the ring they will be fit as ever men were, and they will go there to fight, and the man that wins will have won a victory well worth the winning.

Wm. H. Deaby, the ex-champion swimmer of America, sailed for England Nov. 19. He visited the POLICE GAZETTE office before sailing and congratulated Richard K. Fox on the choice he had made to represent America in the coming international prize fight.

His mission abroad is to introduce among English yachtsmen a new mast of his own invention. He will go to Spain to witness the fight between Kilrain and Smith and hopes to see Kilrain win. He has seen Jake Box and says that no man living has a license to whip him if he is given a square deal.

Deaby bears a strong resemblance to old Jack Lawrence, the veteran trainer, who handled John Morrissey in his milling days.

The outcome of the Clow-Glover fight created an Omaha great deal of disappointment, but very little surprise. This paradoxical result was attributable to an anti-bellum prevalence of opinion that Clow could beat Glover in a square battle and that the battle would not be entirely square. Authentic reports of the contest show that both beliefs were verified. Clow had the best of the affair, but the affair was a palpable fake. There was little actual fighting done. It was clinch and break from first to finish. If any credit pertained to either of the men, Clow should receive it. He was over-matched in weight by at least twenty pounds, yet he frequently rushed Glover to the ropes and stopped every rush made by the latter. While he showed how clever he was, he also exhibited the falsity of the pretensions on which the set-to was based. He landed on Glover when and where he pleased, but administered no punishment. —*Omaha Chronicle*.

The Coney Island Jockey Club announces \$12,500 added money to the Futurity stakes of 1890. The race will be decided at the autumn meeting and the nominations will close on Jan. 1 of next year. The Futurity stakes of 1890 will be worth nearly \$100,000 to the winner. The allowances and penalties are so regulated that the race is sure to prove a great contest.

The first Futurity stakes will be decided next year. It received 752 entries, of which more than half are now eligible. The Futurity for 1889 received 815 entries, of which 600 are eligible. The value of the 1889 race will be \$70,000, as near as can be now estimated.

The value of the Futurity for 1890 is estimated in this way: This race is a sweepstakes for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, and its estimated value is as follows: From subscription of mares, 1,000 at \$25 each, less 20 per cent. for void entries and first declaration, July 15, 1889, \$20,000; produce left in July 15, 1889, 800 at \$50 each, \$40,000; left in July 15, 1890, 400 at \$50 each, \$20,000; starters, 30 at \$50 additional, \$7,500; added money, \$12,500; total, \$100,000.

There is a club of thirteen young women of the North Side, Chicago, who have a neat gymnasium fitted up, and several of the members have become proficient with the gloves. One of the fair pugilists is a remarkably clever boxer and a hard and sharp hitter. Her knowledge of the art of self-defense was of great advantage to her in a little adventure that happened to her the other night. She was returning alone from La Salle avenue, where she had been calling on a friend, at 11 o'clock. On approaching the corner of Clark street she was accosted by a strange man, whose appearance proclaimed him to be a "rough."

The young woman only walked on the faster for this, but was obliged to confess afterward that she grew nervous. As she crossed Clark street she observed that the villain was following her. After having passed Clark street, in comparative darkness of a cross street, the villain hurried forward and accosted her again, at the same time laying his hand on her shoulder.

He got a response this time. Quick as a flash she turned, shot out her left, and planted her delicately-gloved fist, as firm and true as steel, square in the wretch's face. This staggered him, and before he could recover she had swung her right upon his ear, and he dropped into the gutter. Then the brave and lovely boxer gave a shriek and ran for home, nervous and pale as a ghost, and arrived there in a state of collapse. It was days before she recovered from her fright. But she still keeps up her boxing.

The members of Harvard's football team have become somewhat excited over the talk about protesting the game with Yale played on the Polo grounds Thanksgiving Day, and, as a result, the following letter has been written to the press:

Numerous articles having appeared in the New York and Boston papers within the last few days questioning the result of the Harvard-Yale football game on Thanksgiving Day, and also criticizing the decisions and rulings of the referees, in behalf of the members of the Harvard University Football Association, wish to state officially that none of these reports came from the team. If the game is to be protested at all it will be protested legally and at the proper time and place.

One of the prominent members of the team said that the game will be protested at the regular meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Association next May, on the ground that the first three-quarters was only 45 minutes instead of 45, which prevented Bears' touchdown from counting; that Corbin, the centre rush of the Yale field, rushed and made a touchdown without putting the ball in play, and that Referee Hancock had bet \$175 on Yale.

Mr. James Hancock, of the Princeton College football team, who acted as umpire in the game of football played Thanksgiving Day between the Yale and Harvard teams, makes the following statement:

I wish to deny utterly and emphatically every and all charges brought against me of having money in the Yale-Harvard game of last Thursday. To this I will make affidavit before a notary public at any time it may be desired.

Littlewood, Albert, Panchoff, Noremace and Elson, the five pedestrians who remained to the finish in the Philadelphia go-as-you-please race of Nov. 21-24, and each of whom made over 500 miles, made the usual kick at their share of the gate money. The receipts were much less than expected. The total amount of the gate receipts was \$5,337.

One-half of this amount, \$2,668, was divided among the five prize winners—45 per cent. to the first, 25 per cent. to the second, 15 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth and 5 per cent. to the fifth man. Littlewood received \$1,300; Albert, \$667; Panchoff, \$400; Noremace, \$267; and Elson, \$133.

In addition to this the entrance fees of \$1,300 (each of the thirteen starters having paid in \$100) was divided among the first three winners. Of this amount Littlewood received sixty per cent., amounting to \$780; Albert, thirty per cent., amounting to \$390; and Panchoff ten per cent., amounting to \$130.

When the money was divided much dissatisfaction prevailed among the pedestrians as regards the gate receipts. They said they felt assured that the receipts at the gate would far exceed \$10,000. They found, however, that it was no use of "kicking," and accepted the money tendered them reluctantly. Poor old man Elson, who succeeded in making the 500 miles, allowing him to receive a portion of the gate money, is left penniless, footsore and broken-hearted. His backer, who paid his entrance fee of \$100, took every penny of the \$133 allotted to him, notwithstanding the old man's protest. The backer declared that what Elson earned was not sufficient to reimburse him for what he had expended on the old man.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

J. H. G. Trask, Cal.—A wins.
G. O'Reilly, Fisher, Minn.—Yes.
F. W. Annexed District.—Sixes are high.
J. K. S., Bassett, Neb.—No; they are gratis.
T. F. M., Rockaway.—You win; sixes are high.
G. W. R., Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y.—Both win.
READER, Erie, Pa.—Three points down constitute a fall.
R. T. H., Helena, Ark.—1. For shooting a police officer. 2. No.

Wm. C., Fletcher, Mich.—No; their contest was stopped by the police.
W. H. McC., Lee, Miss.—Charles Radbourn, of Boston B. C. C. \$4,800.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Toledo, Ohio.—Have no record of the match.

T. R. L., Fremont, Neb.—Send on picture and record for publication.

G. A. Y., City.—The date side is always is considered the head of a coin.

J. K., Chicago, Ill.—Have never published record of the party you name.

OYSTER DEALER, Richmond, Va.—Write to the Board of Health of your city.

W. W. R., Albany, N. Y.—No; there are none doing service without pay.

W. B., Findley's Lake, N. Y.—1. No. 2.—Ace, king, queen, Jack and ten.

H. A. R., Barre, Vt.—The holder of the belt must defend it against all challengers.

J. H., Mitchell, Cal.—Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, President pro tem of the United States Senate.

C. L. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Send for the "American Athlete." A treatise on training. Price 25 cents.

MR. C. CRAN, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Robert Hyalops, the Jockey, was last in the employ of August Belmont.

D. C., Fort Lyon, Col.—1. Jem Smith is of English descent. 2. The 15th of January, 1847, fell on Tuesday.

C. F. R., Rosebud, Montana.—Cards count first. Send 30 cents for American Hoyle, pocket edition.

Wm. D., Harrisburg, Pa.—Paddy Fitzgerald, 610 miles, Madison Square Garden, April 28 to May 3, 1884.

E. C., Krebs, Ind. Try.—1. 1871, Mr. Bowler's Tarabau, aged, 98 pounds (Gradwell), 8 starters. 2. Guelph.

H. K., Buffalo.—1. Broome and Hannan, 25 cents. 2. Have never published picture Hyer-Sullivan fight.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—The Jockey club of your city is not a member of the National Trotting Association this year.

W. H. G., Monarch, Cal.—As many as they can handle with safety; there is no restriction as to the number.

H. K., Forest City.—James Ambrose (Yankee Sullivan) was born at Brandon, near Cork, Ireland, April 15, 1813.

A. B.—The letters in the Bible are twenty-six, from A to Z. How many of each letter? Life is too short to count.

W. H. L., Utica.—Six hundred and ten miles; Paddy Fitzgerald, Madison Square Garden, April 28 to May 3, 1884.

E. C. P., Union Club, City.—Jem Carney, the light-weight, was born on Colleshill street, Birmingham, England, of Irish parents.

J. S., Friendship Hotel.—Paddy Fitzgerald, 610; Charles Rowell, 602 miles; Madison Square Garden, April 28 to May 3, 1884.

A. R., New York.—B wins. Jockey, owned by James Shaw, of London, Eng., May 1, 1862, killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 28 seconds.

D. W. R., Manassas Station, Pa.—Both are entitled to a chance for the second money, and they can either shoot off or divide the prize.

D. W. C., Utica, N. Y.—Horse radish, vinegar and saltpeper, and whiskey and lemon, are good for hardening the face and hands.

G. C., Fall Brook, Pa.—Bell's Life has been bought out by the *Sporting Life*, London, edited and managed by George W. Atkinson.

ALF WELSHONE, Pullman, Ill.—American Hoyle will supply the information; will forward you pocket edition on receipt of 30 cents.

T. B., Newark, N. J.—B wins; the euchre counts two points. A, who has 7 points, with two points for the euchre would be beat nine.

H. D. J., Carbondale, Col.—Jesse James was shot and mortally wounded by Bob Ford, April 3, 1882, at James' home, near St. Joseph, Mo.

J. T. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Yes, Dempsey issued a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE to fight Charley Mitchell two years ago.

F. H., Orange, Texas.—1. Sullivan and Ryan fought with the naked fists. 2. Yes; "Life of James Brothers" will be sent you on receipt of 20 cents.

O. E. D., Tower, Mich.—The longest battle on record, 6 hours 15 minutes, Australian Kelly and Jonathan Smith, Melbourne, Aus., November, 1855.

W. G., Wickes, Mont.—It is not a question of majority. It depends on how you stated the bet; if you bet on all you lose. W stands in the same position.

LUCKY, Washington, D. C.—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were hung at Manchester, England, Nov. 23, 1867. (Information kindly supplied by the *Irish World*.)

J. H. H., Edwardsville, Pa.—A wins; the over-weight bird loses the battle. For governing rules, send 25 cents for copy "Police Gazette" Standard Rules.

DIAMOND A. C., Chicago, Ill.—218 pounds, by Louis Cyr, in a match for the championship of the world with David Michaud, at Quebec, Canada, March 15, 1866.

T. F. W., Luzerne Borough, Pa.—1. Jack Dempsey is 5 feet 7½ inches in his stocking feet. 2. Tommy Warren claims to have won forty odd fights, and to never have been beaten.

G. H. J., West Winsted, Conn.—W. H. Quirk, of Brantford Ont., has no record for 100 yards. He is a fast man, and can probably do 100 yards in 9½. His great forte is 75 or 80 yards.

TUNNEL HILL.—Ryan and Sullivan fought for \$2,500 a side, Feb. 7, 1882. The "Police Gazette" belt for the heavy-weight championship was not offered for competition till the following year.

F. H., Fortville, Ind.—1. Joe Coburn, of New York, ex-champion heavy-weight, and now in the saloon and restaurant business at 470 6th avenue. 2. Jack Dempsey, middle-weight champion of America.

E. C. F., Cambridge City.—Paddy Ryan never fought for the championship of the world. He won the championship of America by defeating Joe Goss in eighty-seven rounds, 1 hour 27 minutes, for \$1,000.

C. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey boxed at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 13, 1884. McCaffrey was given the decision. The referee is well known to be a strong McCaffrey man.

F. H., Orange, Texas.—1. Sullivan and Ryan fought 9 rounds, lasting 11 minutes, London rules, with bare knuckles, at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1882. 2. "Life of James Brothers" will be sent you on receipt of 25 cents.

D. S., New York.—Jake Kilrain, holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and now matched to fight Jem Smith, of England, for that trophy, \$10,000 in stakes and the heavy-weight championship of the world, at Madrid, Spain, January 3 next.

Wm. M., Wheelbarrow Mines, N. S.—Yes, Jem Smith challenged Sullivan, and the latter refused to meet him, although a prominent sporting man of New York offered to back Sullivan, pay all his expenses and give him the entire stakes if he won.

P. F. H., Philadelphia.—The match between Mike Johnson and Charles Norton, at the Industrial Art Building, Philadelphia, in 1881, was declared a draw. Norton had contracted to knock Johnson out in 30 minutes; he failed in his attempt and the referee decided a draw.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Toledo, O.—The checker tournament between Mr. Chas. Barker, of Boston, and Mr. James Reed, of Pittsburgh, Pa., played at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Pittsburgh, was won by Barker. The score at the conclusion of the match was: Barker won 5, Reed won 1; drawn, 42.

P. J. C., Newark, N. J.—G wins. Cook did not have a majority but a plurality. If Cook had received more votes than the combined votes of Grant and George he would have had a majority. As he received less than the two combined, but more than either, he has a plurality. The best way to state such a bet is that Cook will win by 5,000 votes.

R. RAMSEY, Toledo, Ohio.—The circumstances should decide this bet. If circumstances at the time the bet was made go to show that A meant New York city and not the state, then he wins the bet. If it can be shown that he meant New York state, he loses. It shows that election bets, as every other kind of bet, should state exactly what they mean.

J. P. M., Lake Mahopac, N. Y.—Australian Kelly and Jonathan Smith, near Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855, 6 hours 15 minutes. Wm. Sheriff (the Prussian) and Jack Welsh, at Philadelphia, April 10, 1884, 5 hours 3 minutes 45 seconds. Jack McAniff and Jem Carney, at Revere Beach, Mass., Nov. 16, 1887, 4 hours 58 minutes, 15 seconds.

A. W., North Adams, Mass.—Jack McAniff had the best of the fight undoubtedly. He had knocked one of his hands up in a fight with Walter Campbell on Monday and he fought Mitchell the Friday of the same week, and badly as he was handicapped, he had Mitchell fought to a standstill at the end of the four rounds. As the latter was not knocked out, however, the referee decided the contest a draw.

READER, Bismarck, Dak.—1. Jake Kilrain is of Irish parents; his proper name is John Joseph Killoran. He was born at Greenport, Columbia Co., N. Y., Feb. 9, 1859. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, and weighs 210 pounds. 2. Richard K. Fox, on Sullivan's solicitation, offered to match him, as the American champion, to fight Smith for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which trophy was held by Sullivan and represented the championship of the world. Ireland was named by Sullivan and his backer, Richard K. Fox, but when Smith accepted the challenge and agreed to meet the American champion, to the surprise and disgust of the sporting fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic, Sullivan lowered his champion colors and refused to fight the British champion.

LATEST SPORTING NEWS.

Matters of General Interest to the Lovers of Sport
at Home and Abroad.

David L. Fouts, one of the champion St. Louis Browns' crack pitchers, has signed with the Brooklyn Club for next season.

Tom Quinn, the bantam-weight, challenges any 105-pound pugilist in America to fight to a finish, with skin gloves, for \$500 a side.

Mr. G. L. M. Sachs presented the championship cross country colors to the Suburban Harriers, Dec. 7. They were won last April.

A. F. Holden, '88, ex-Captain of the Harvard University football eleven, who was injured in the game with Princeton, will spend the winter in the South.

Jimmy Patterson, the well-known sporting man of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, sent the result of the Casey-Lawlor handball match to his saloon by carrier pigeons.

The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, won the pennant in the American Football Union championship series, with a clean score. Not a point was made against them by any club.

J. M. Reynolds, Canada's champion stone-putter, defeated B. F. Roddie in a match at putting the 19-pound stone, Nov. 11th, at Oakes City, Dakota. Reynolds' throw was 29 feet 8 inches to 29 feet 4 inches for Roddie.

Mr. Walters, the backer of Lawlor, stated after the finish of the championship match, that he is willing to match Casey, the champion handball player, against any man in the world, bar none, for any amount of money.

C. Wood, of England, heads the list of winning jockeys for this year; up to Nov. 13 his winning mounts numbered 147. Jimmy McLaughlin, the pride of the Dwyers' stable, comes next with 110, and Snapper Garrison third with 107.

Capt. Jno. Williams, of Stockton, Cal., State Fish Commissioner, on Sunday, Nov. 20, crossed in a skiff from Stockton wharf to Benicia, a distance of 80 miles, in 13 hours 15 minutes. Twenty-eight miles was against the tide, and was accomplished in 7 hours.

Jack Elliott of Pelham Bridge and Andy Ward of Yonkers shot a pigeon match at Yonkers, Nov. 29, for \$50 a side, 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules. Elliott killed 40 and Ward 48. Twelve-bore guns were used for the occasion. The birds were strong and admirable flyers. Ward is a good second barrel man, while Elliott is an adept with the first one.

Matsada Sorakichi, with a variety and athletic combination that includes the wrestlers, Sam Matthews, of the Pacific Coast, Hugh Leonard and E. O. Porter, are making a tour through Ohio. The Jap offers \$100 to any one whom he cannot throw, one fall, in 15 minutes, and \$100 to the one who can put up the Richard K. Fox 250-pound club more times than he can.

Mr. H. W. Collender has sold to Mr. George H. Ketchum, of Toledo, his fine schooner yacht *Speranza*. She is a keel schooner, and in the June regatta of the New York Yacht Club last season won the cup for yachts of her class, beating the *Gitana*. The *Speranza* is 93½ feet over all, 83½ feet on the water line, 21 feet 9 inches beam, 9 feet 2 inches deep and 3 feet draught of water.

Pete Hegelman and Pete Golden, the runners, had a dispute over the best of their 25-mile race at New Bedford, on Nov. 26. They settled two weights later on a mile dash at the Adelphi Rink, around the skating surface, in under-soled shoes. Hegelman kept ahead until the last lap, when Golden spurred and came in winner by about two yards, taking the \$30 wagered. Time—5 minutes 22 seconds.

The following explains itself: CHICOPPE, Mass., Nov. 30, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR: I received colors by mail last evening and am well pleased with them. Hoping that Kilrain will win in the coming international fight, I remain Yours respectfully.

EDW. A. ROUSSE, Contractor and Builder.

On Nov. 30 the Yale Football Association elected a captain for the team of 1888. Beecher, the present captain, graduates in June, and Wallace, '88, Corbin, '88, and Gill, '89, were the candidates. After three or four ballots Wallace withdrew and Corbin was elected. Corbin is the tallest man in the class, being nearly six feet two inches in height. He was one of the best rushers in the recent Yale-Harvard game at New York, and is very popular in the college.

J. S. Harriman, of Escanaba, Mich., writes: I hereby challenge George Littlewood, the English champion pedestrian, to race me go-as-you-please 8 hours per day for six days, for \$500 to \$1,000 a side and the gate receipts, the winner to receive 75 per cent. of the gate receipts less expenses. The race to take place in the Casino Rink, Oshkosh, Wis., within two months. The challenge is

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

The magnificent colors to be worn by Jake Kilrain in his fight with Jem Smith for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, are now ready. These colors are printed on silk of the very best quality, and measure 34x35 inches. The designs are woven in brilliant hues, and the whole emblem constitutes a superb souvenir. They can be obtained at this office at the rate of \$5 apiece, which exactly covers their cost. As only a few have been manufactured all orders for them should be sent in at once.

Jim Conley, of Cambridge, wants to meet the winner of the O'Connell-Fitzsimmons match.

Fred. Gardner has got permission for a grand exhibition of sparring to take place in Battery D, Chicago, Dec. 14.

Col. J. J. Gerahy, of Streator, Ill., says he is willing to put up any amount of money that Billy Myers can whip Carney.

Charles Parton and Sam Cohen, the 105-pound pugilists, signed articles for a glove contest in Boston of 10 rounds, for \$50 a side, within four weeks.

Jemmy Conlan, the collar-and-elbow wrestler, is looking for a match with Sallor Brown, late of Dublin, Ireland, two best in three falls, for \$50 a side.

George Dixon, the colored bantam-weight of Boston, is looking after the scalp of any 105-pound colored fighter in New England, Young Hall preferred.

Joseph Russell and Jim Connor are matched to fight for a purse of \$250 a side with skin-tight gloves, London rules, at 135 pounds, some time late in December.

James Fitzsimmons, of England, and Doc O'Connell, of East Boston, are to fight, under Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side, near Boston, shortly. They are to fight at 135 pounds.

Harry Furey and Frank Boyle, feather-weights of South Bethlehem, Pa., fought near Allentown, November 25, for a purse of \$100. Furey won by knocking Boyle out in the third round.

The California Athletic Club have postponed the fight between Paddy Ryan and Joe McAuliffe until some time in December. Ryan will meet Brennan after his fight with McAuliffe.

T. F. O'Rourke, the backer of Jack Havlin, the Boston feather-weight, says if Jack Steele's backer will make himself known to Havlin or him a match with Steele will be arranged.

Benny McGill and Billy Davis, bantam-weight pugilists, have been at loggerheads, and have finally decided to have a fight to a finish with skin gloves for \$500 a side, to take place in private.

Charles Leisnering, 140 pounds, of Chester, Pa., a rattling mill hand, and Jack Duncan, of Illinois, have been matched to fight with bare knuckles to a finish for \$50 a side, at Chester, Dec. 17.

Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., who defeated Harry Gilmore in five rounds a month ago, has been challenged by the latter to fight with bare fists or skin gloves, for \$500 to \$1,000, between now and December 25.

Jack Fallon failed to show up at the Casino, Hoboken, Saturday week, to keep his engagement and box Geo. LeBlanche, the Marine. The latter then boxed and easily defeated Warren Lewis' unknown in 4 rounds.

Pete McCoy says he will fight any man in America at 145 pounds for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side; or Pete will fight any man in the New England States for the same sum, McCoy to scale 145 and his opponent to scale 150.

Charles Collins, of Cambridge, and Joe Flaherty, of Waltham, bantam-weight fighters, who fought 23 rounds with gloves a few weeks ago, are anxious for another meeting. Tim McCarthy, of the Cribb Club, has been asked to furnish a purse for the fight.

Billy Edwards, of Chicago, is very anxious to meet Tommy Danforth in a fight to a finish with skin tight gloves for a purse. Danforth will fight for a stake of \$500 a side, but does not care about a battle for a purse, the amount of which cannot be determined before the time of fighting.

John P. Clow claims that he injured his right hand in the seventh round of the fight with Frank Glover, and that if it had not been for this accident he would have knocked Glover out. Frank Hayes, Clow's manager, also says that Glover's timekeeper sprung short time in every round.

H. F. Joslin, of Mioe, Mich., middle-weight pugilist and wrestler, will be backed by O. D. Hopkins, to fight, "Police Gazette" rules, or to wrestle, catch-as-catch-can, for the middle-weight championship of the State and \$500 to \$1,000 a side. A forfeit posted with this office will secure a match.

Jack McAuliffe's belt, which he won by defeating Harry Gilmore and Billy Frazier, and which was taken from McAuliffe's saloon in Williamsburgh during Jack's absence by Holake, and by the latter given to Jem Carney, is now in the possession of the English champion's wife, at Birmingham, Eng.

Mike C. Conley and Pat Killen will go into the ring shortly to do battle to a finish. They both are looking for satisfaction, as well as for money, and will try to do their whipping so that the loser will stay whipped. Arrangements for a fight with kid gloves for \$1,000 a side, to occur in eight weeks between them, it is expected, will be completed in a day or two.

Harry Stewart, of Oshkosh, Wis., and John Pike, of Longlake, fought at Shawano, that State, Nov. 15, for \$500 a side, Stewart weighing 175 pounds and Pike 182. The fight was under "Police Gazette" rules, and Stewart won in nine rounds by knocking Pike out. John Conn, Stewart's backer, offers to match him against Hank Ragan of Shawano for \$500 a side and the championship of Wisconsin.

D. F. Powell, Mayor of La Crosse, Wis., Tommy Warren's backer, in a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE denies the reports of Warren's drunkenness, etc., that have appeared in the Eastern papers. He says: "Warren has been training honestly and hard for the past month here. Paddy Norton has him in hand. He is in fine form, has the wind of a race horse and is in fine shape to make a great fight."

Isaac O'Neil Weir, who is matched to fight Tommy Warren in Minneapolis on Dec. 12 has arrived in Minneapolis. He has with him Young Clark, of Philadelphia, who will act as his trainer. Mr. James Keenan, of this city, who is backing the "Spider," has sent \$250 on to John Donaldson, the veteran pugilist, as a guarantee that Weir will put in an appearance. Donaldson has sent a telegram to Boston saying that Warren has been drunk for the past week, and betting is two to one in favor of Weir.

Jack McAuliffe says he is willing to meet Carney again upon the following terms: To fight in three months' time from the date of signing articles for \$5,000 a side, besides the \$4,500 now held by James Ormand as final stakeholder of the last fight. The extra \$5,000, he says, is to show the public that his friends have not lost their faith in his ability to whip Carney, when he (McAuliffe) is in good condition. McAuliffe declares that he was not in fit shape to meet Carney last week or he would have certainly whipped the Englishman. It is understood that the extra \$5,000 will be "found" by Jimmy Colville and Barney McGuire.

Jack Burke, of Boston, and Stephen Barry, of Pawtucket, fought with gloves near Brockton, Mass., Nov. 23, for a purse of \$300. About seventy-five sports witnessed the mill. The men fought about a few weeks ago, when Barry stopped Burke in the 17th round. Considerable money was placed on the result of this event. Both men came to time at 9 o'clock, when it was plain to be seen that Burke was in much the better condition. In the first round Burke gained two knock-downs, and in the two following rounds gained four more. These were too much for Barry, who began to grow groggy, and his opponent had everything his own way. Both men lost considerable blood. Burke again knocked Barry down in the 7th, 8th and 9th rounds. In the 9th round Barry gave up the contest, and the referee awarded the fight to Burke.

Johnny Clark, the veteran light-weight, is doing well in the Northwest, and he is making a great impression in Minneapolis and the country roundabout that section. On Nov. 21 Clark boxed with Patsy O'Leary, who is matched to fight Tommy Warren for \$1,000 a side. Clark used only one hand. During the set-to a sporting man among the spectators arose and offered to back O'Leary against any man in the Northwest, and the backer declared that O'Leary's antagonist could use both hands. Clark has a match with local a boxer for early in December. The professor is to stop the man in 4 rounds for \$250. Clark says that Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, is really anxious to meet some of the big men and some of the would be champions. Conley will fight them upon any terms they may name.

Shell Fairchild, who refereed the Goss-Ryan fight, and who was well known in St. Louis, is dead. At the time of the Goss-Ryan fight Fairchild was running a road house out near Perryville, and it was here that Paddy put in the finishing touches of his training. When the pugilists met at the ring side a long wrangle ensued over the referee, but finally Fairchild was agreed upon. Several times during the battle was Joe fouled, but when his seconds would claim the same, Shell never happened to be looking, and in the end Ryan won. It was but a short time after this that Shell left the city and located in the East. Shortly before he died Shell married a widow living in Wilmington, Del., and it was at her home and surrounded by her friends that he died. While he had his faults, and some of them were serious ones, when he was at himself he was generous to a fault, and a friend who would never desert any one whom he liked.

The handsome colors of Champion Jake Kilrain are meeting with a lively sale. They are included in a neat box and forwarded to any address in the United States, charges paid, on receipt of \$5. The following are a few of our champion's admirers who will flaunt his handsome silk kerchief: E. A. Bourke, West St., Chicago, Mass.; John F. Connolly, Box 1080, Plymouth, Pa.; Kelly & Myers, 140 West Main St., New Albany, Ind.; H. Aymor, 81 Prospect St., E. Orange, N. J.; Bartholomew Lacey, Mint Saloon, Sacramento City, Cal.; Jack Gilligan, Shooter, Texas; Casey Bros., Crested Butte, Colo.; Lowry & Hamilton, Crystal saloon, Butte City, Mont.; J. W. Parsons, Earl Craven, Southern St., Westbourne Park, London, W. Eng.; E. Yordly, Bridgegate, Rotherham, Yorkshire, Eng.; Thos. Francis, Haverstraw, N. Y.; Albert Mulheisen, Clipper Sample Rooms, Crawfordsville, Ind.; M. R. Flaherty, 100 Pearl St., N. Y. City; Parish & Evans, Stationers, Nevada, Mo.; Jos. A. Pinney & Co., Boise City, Idaho.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 5, 1887.
Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, N. Y.
Send one dozen of Kilrain's colors. PROF. WILLIAM CLARK.

The following explains itself:

SIR—I notice a challenge, or an attempt at one, in the Sioux Falls Daily Press, which says J. M. Reynolds will match himself to fight B. F. Roddie with hand gloves, to a finish, for money up to \$500. While I have no doubt but this offer, though bearing no signature, came direct from the hand of Mr. Reynolds of this city, yet I deem such a challenge as this, accompanied with no forfeit, is merely child's talk or a rank bluff. Now, in reply to the above, I say positively and forever that I will meet Mr. J. M. Reynolds in the City of Oaks at any time or place and indulge in a friendly set-to. I am no fighter, neither do I crave or will I accept pugilistic honors from any source, for my better nature revolts against it from beginning to end. But in view of the fact of so much big talk from this man, I make the above proposition, and will box him in a friendly manner. If this does not appease the wrath of this would-be pugilist, I will go further and say that I will meet him in the City of Oaks and fight according to rules, to a finish, for \$500 or up to \$1,000. This, Mr. Editor, is all I have to offer, and I want this man to either shut up or get his money up. My forfeit for the latter proposition is now posted in your hands, subject to the inspection of all for ten days.

Patsy Sheppard and other backers of Carney have made a demand on Mr. James F. Ormand, the stakeholder, for the stakes in the late Carney-McAuliffe fight. The following is the letter to Mr. Ormand:

"DEAR SIR—Frank A. Stevenson, referee of my late contest with Jack McAuliffe, gave it as his decision in the ring that McAuliffe and I must meet again. He ordered a postponement of the fight and declared outside bets off. But he could do nothing else than hold us both to the articles we had signed Oct. 11, agreeing to battle to a finish at 135 pounds, Queensberry rules, for the \$4,500 stake.
"I expected when I was defeated of victory on Nov. 17, to proceed with a battle at a new place the same or following day, in accordance with the established ring custom. The articles under which you hold the \$4,500 declare the money must be 'won or lost by a battle,' with not to exceed fourteen men on a side. Ever since I started across the ocean last February I have meant nothing but fight. I mean it now as much as ever, despite many wrong things that have been done to me. There is no wrong thing that I have done, and I am entitled to a respectful backer sporting man, the only official now left to act in the premises, that you hold both parties to the letter of the contract we both signed, and say to McAuliffe as well as to me: 'Gentlemen this money in my hands must be fought for, and if you two can't agree on a referee I will name one, but you must fight!'
"I mean business in this matter and nothing else. Three propositions were publicly submitted by me a fortnight ago looking to a decision of this fight. Mr. McAuliffe's principal backer promised to make known his answer to my proposition in two or three days. There has been no move taken since then on the part of McAuliffe's people to carry out the order of the referee that we finish that fight. I am entitled, I claim, to the battle or to the stake money.
"I have shown myself, as you know, ready and willing to go on, and with no evidence now on the part of McAuliffe or his backers, of any purpose to fight this contest to a decision. I submit that I am entitled to the stake money now in your hands. You as the stakeholder, and the other man as the opposing principal, must in justice give me one thing or the other, a battle or battle money. McAuliffe and his backers have no intentions, it is apparent, of coming up to do battle. I therefore respectfully demand that by reason of their default, the stakes shall be paid to me.
"Lightweight Champion of the World."

Jack McAuliffe, when asked if he had seen the letter, said: "Yes, I have read it, and take pleasure in saying that, as far as the money is concerned, neither one side nor the other can claim it as the result of the fight. As it now stands, it is as much mine as Carney's. Carney laughed at all my propositions when I was well and able to fight last summer, and boasted that both he and Holake were glad to have me running after him. I was ready to fight at a moment's notice, and offered him \$1,000 to fight me in six weeks. The only satisfaction that I got was, 'Wait till I come back from England.'
"I waited for three months. When I entered the ring to fight Carney I was far from being well, yet I firmly believe I had a victory in my grasp. I will say it has taught me a lesson not to fight to a finish until I am well. Now that Carney has made many propositions, he has not as yet answered mine, which was that I would fight him for \$5,000 a side three months from the date of a settlement. This is my last proposition, and the only one I will make. It is out of the question for him to ask for the stakes. Mr. James F. Ormand, of Boston, can do nothing with the money one way or the other, and neither can he appoint a referee.
"Carney makes a statement that he wouldn't fight unless he was well. I was not well and stood before him for five hours in poor condition, which I know I can do again, but what is the use of endangering my health. He can't defeat me. If he means fight three months will not be long passing by, and we can then see who is the real champion. Then, if he can defeat me, he can assert his right as a light-weight champion. Carney called me a cur. I don't know what to call him.
"He also made statements that he would kill me. He had lots of time to do that, but couldn't do it. His claims that he can lick me ought to be an inducement for him to accept my proposition, which I am waiting anxiously to hear from."
The little fighter concluded his remarks by saying that he thought it would be more honorable for Carney not to call him a cur and other epithets.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

TO THE TRADE.

Owing to the enormous demand for the last issue of the "Police Gazette" (No. 534), with which was presented the elegant colored supplement, suitable for framing, of Kilrain and Smith as they will appear in the ring, the FIRST EDITION OF 200,000 being exhausted 24 hours after publication, we have printed a SECOND EDITION and are now ready to fill all orders for No. 534 in quantities, promptly.

R. C. Kenaday and Owen Farley have opened the Mobile Turf Exchange, at 5 North Royal street, Mobile, Ala.

Frank Hall of Philadelphia has engaged the Madison Square Garden for one week, beginning Feb. 5, for a six-day go-as-you-please-race.

The silver cup won by the Kings County Wheelmen on election day will be presented to the club the second week in December, when a dinner will be given.

Reocut, the well-known baseball player, was recently shot in the eye at Louisville by a toy gun, causing an injury which may result in the loss of the eye.

William J. Kendall of Boston has posted \$25, and challenges Duncan C. Ross or any other swordsman in the country, to a mounted sword contest for \$500 a side.

Middlebrook's Fred Archer won the 300-yard handicap dog race at Olympic Park, Philadelphia, Nov. 23. The first dog of heats was run on Thanksgiving day.

John Teemer, the champion carman, is being lionized at the Hub. Should Bubeare refuse a match with him he has decided to go South with his family this winter.

Jim Pilkington of Harlem and Johnny Elliott of Pelham Bridge, Westchester county, are matched to shoot for \$150 a side, best in 35 birds each, Long Island rules to govern.

Bob Caruthers has left the Brooklyn club at the request of his mother, who wants him to be nearer home. Should he play at all next season it will be with the Cincinnati club.

The Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis baseball clubs have arranged to play a schedule of 36 games in San Francisco, to conclude Feb. 18, playing three games each week.

The 100 yards swimming match for \$125 a side, between Marquis Bibbero and Wilber Beckwith, at the Albion Baths, Dalton, Eng., was won by Beckwith by 3 yards, in 1 minute 2 1/2 seconds.

Dennis Driscoll, the Lynn walker, is one of the entries for a six-days heel-and-toe walking match, to take place at Kansas City, Dec. 15 and 17. The race will be for a diamond belt and the championship of the world.

A new athletic club, called the "Garden City," has been formed in Chicago. Sparring will be the feature. A number of prominent business men and politicians have placed their names on the club's honorary list.

Miss Elia Von Blumen, the bicycle rider, has been challenged by Miss Jessie Oaks of England, at present in Rochester, to a bicycle contest that shall determine the relative speed and endurance of American and English bicycle riders.

Dan of Haverhill, Mass., and Mac of Montrose, two fighting canines, the former 42 pounds and the latter 30 1/2 pounds, were fought at Haverhill, Nov. 26, for \$150 a side. The dogs were in capital condition, and fought 1 hour 50 minutes. Mac was the best trained dog, and, in fact, the best all round. He dragged Dan all over the pit for the last ten minutes, but the referee gave the battle to Dan.

Albert Wright, marker of the New York Racquet Club, and Harry Bookes, of Canada, played a match at Racquets for a purse subscribed by the members of the club, Nov. 25. The rallies were splendid, especially in the sixth game, which, after 15 hits, was won by Wright. In the second and third games each player set for five. Bookes finally won. The score follows:—

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.
Bookes	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Wright	9	18	17	18	15	15	15
	9	18	17	18	15	15	15

ACKS BY SERVICE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bookes	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Wright	7	7	7	7	7	7	7

The London "Field," Nov. 19, in a long review of the English "Yacht Racing in 1887," has this to say: "The Thistle episode is perhaps the grandest of the year, and although eventually she caused us some disappointment, we must remember that she roused our admiration and caused us to take some real interest in the America cup races in the early part of the season. In her first match, from Southend to Harwich, her exceptional performance in light airs fairly convinced us all that she would bring back the America cup, but at that time we were rather grotesquely reckoning without our host. We all thought that the Americans would meet Thistle with either Mayflower or Puritan, but the high reputation Thistle suddenly achieved in our waters, and the confident statements that she was at least half an hour better than Ilex on a 50 miles course in a light wind aroused quakes and doubts in the minds of American yachtsmen as to whether Mayflower was really capable of holding the cup against Thistle. But the dilemma was of short duration, for Gen. Paine, with that practical kind of boldness which is the secret of success in all kinds of sport, at once set about to build a more powerful vessel than either Puritan, Mayflower or Thistle. Our yachtsmen may have the courage of St. George himself, but they cannot beat a General Paine so long as he can view the enemy's hand six months before he meets him."

The following letter was received by the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, and confirms the cable recently received withdrawing the notification of a challenge for the America's Cup from Mr. Charles Sweet through the Royal Clyde Yacht Club:

JOHN H. BIRD, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club, No. 47 Madison Avenue.

DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 3d inst. embodying the resolution of your club at their meeting of the 25th ult., and enclosing a copy of the new deed of gift relating to the America's Cup, for which I have to thank you.

I am instructed to state that Mr. Sweet's notice of a challenge is now, with the concurrence of our committee, formally withdrawn. With much respect, I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM YORK, Secretary.

GLASGOW, Scotland, 150 Hope street, Nov. 16, 1887.
The challenge from a ninety-foot narrow-beamed cutter is looked for daily. By the new deed of gift under which the New York Yacht Club again became custodians of the America's Cup the challenger must give ten months' notice. By this clause no contest can be sailed next season unless the challenge is sent to the club before February 1, for after that time the ten months' limit would extend beyond the time fixed for races by the regulations of the New York Yacht Club.

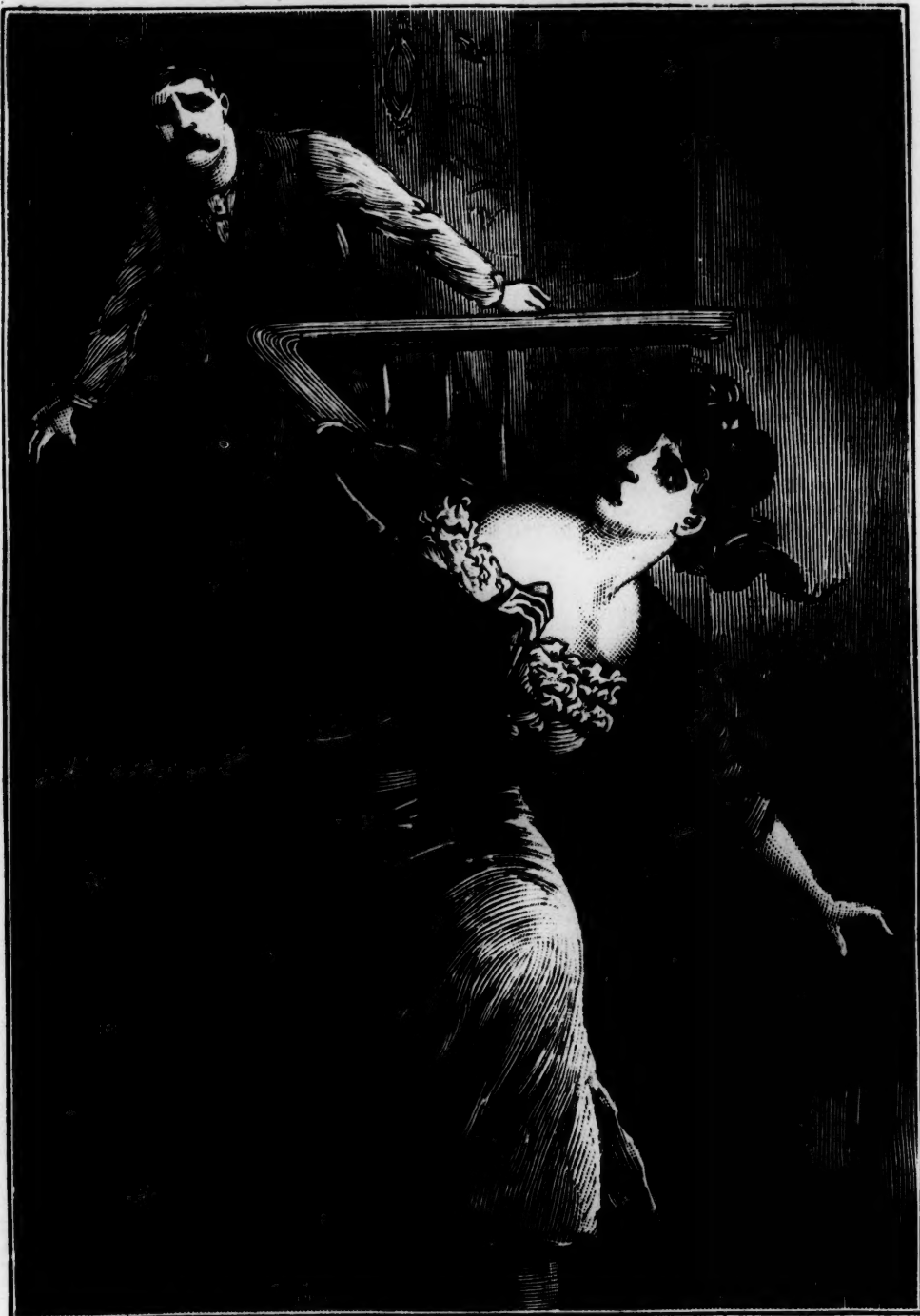
Dan O'Leary, the veteran pedestrian, is hard at work completing arrangements for a six-day heel-and-toe walk, in the Priests of Pallas building, Kansas City, commencing Dec. 12. The race will be under the auspices of the Gentlemen's Athletic Club of that city, and is to be a sweepstakes of \$100 each, for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. This match will bring together the best pedestrians of this and the old country. Dan anticipates and will surpass anything of the kind ever held in the West. On the committee of the club acting with Dan are some of the leading merchants of Kansas City. The building in which the walk will take place is well adapted for such a contest. There are dressing rooms in plenty for the walkers and the other accommodations could not be better, besides it will hold 10,000 persons. Pedestrian contests are a success in the city, and are patronized by the best

class of its residents. This will be the third event of that class held there since President Cleveland paid his respects in person to its townsfolk. The entries for the race are to be made with the sporting editor of the Kansas City Journal. The entrance fee of \$100 must accompany the name. One half of the gross receipts will be added to the sweepstakes, and will be divided among the first five men thus: 35, 25, 20, 15 and 5 per cent. Those who have already entered are: John Dahler, Chicago, letter carrier; W. A. Hoagland, Union Springs, N. Y.; W. A. Cromley, County Kerry, Ireland; Gus E. Olmstead, Red Cliff, Cal.; W. P. Stanton, Denver, Colo.; Geo. Huffman, Belwood, Neb.; Patrick Purishal, E. C.; John Sherry, Waukegan, Ill.; Chas. Canastan, St. Charles, Ill.; George Littlewood, England; W. A. Smith, Yorkshire, Eng. Contestants covering 400 miles and not winning a prize will receive \$50.

Jem Carney, the English light-weight, had a benefit at Prof. Van Slykes boxing rooms, this city, Nov. 20. It was gotten up by some forty prominent club men. They saw two splendid boxing matches and the presentation of \$500 to Jem Carney, the light-weight champion of England. Among the sports present were Billy Edwards and his brother Warwick, Arthur Chambers, Hon Stedeker, Mike Gillespie, Carney's friend Wilson, and the light-weight's father-in-law, Jack Hackett; Al Smith, Billy Tracey, Joe Fowler, Geo. Young, Nobby Clark and Billy O'Brien. The club men came in between the acts at neighboring theatres, from Delmonico's, the Hoffman House and from the clubs. Nearly all were in full dress. George LeBlanche and Jack Miles boxed 4 1/2-minute rounds. The Marine showed up in his usual perfect condition, and though "friendly" was the word for the 1st round, it soon became as hot as could be wished. In the 3d round LeBlanche, with a show of his tremendous strength that would have been a credit to a Percheron, hip-locked his man heavily. Flies staggered his opponent with a smash in the right jaw in the wind-up, which was a splendid exhibition of hard hitting. When Jimmy Carney and Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia were introduced, Bob Turnbull, the master of ceremonies, pulled out a big roll of bills and said: "Mr. Carney, it is my pleasant duty to present you with \$500, the contribution of the gentlemen present, who will always remember your courage and honesty, and your abilities as a pugilist." The big little fighter bowed and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart. I've tried to deserve this, and I'll always remember it." The set-to that followed was perfection. The men never lost their tempers, but gave a good exhibition of their different styles of fighting.

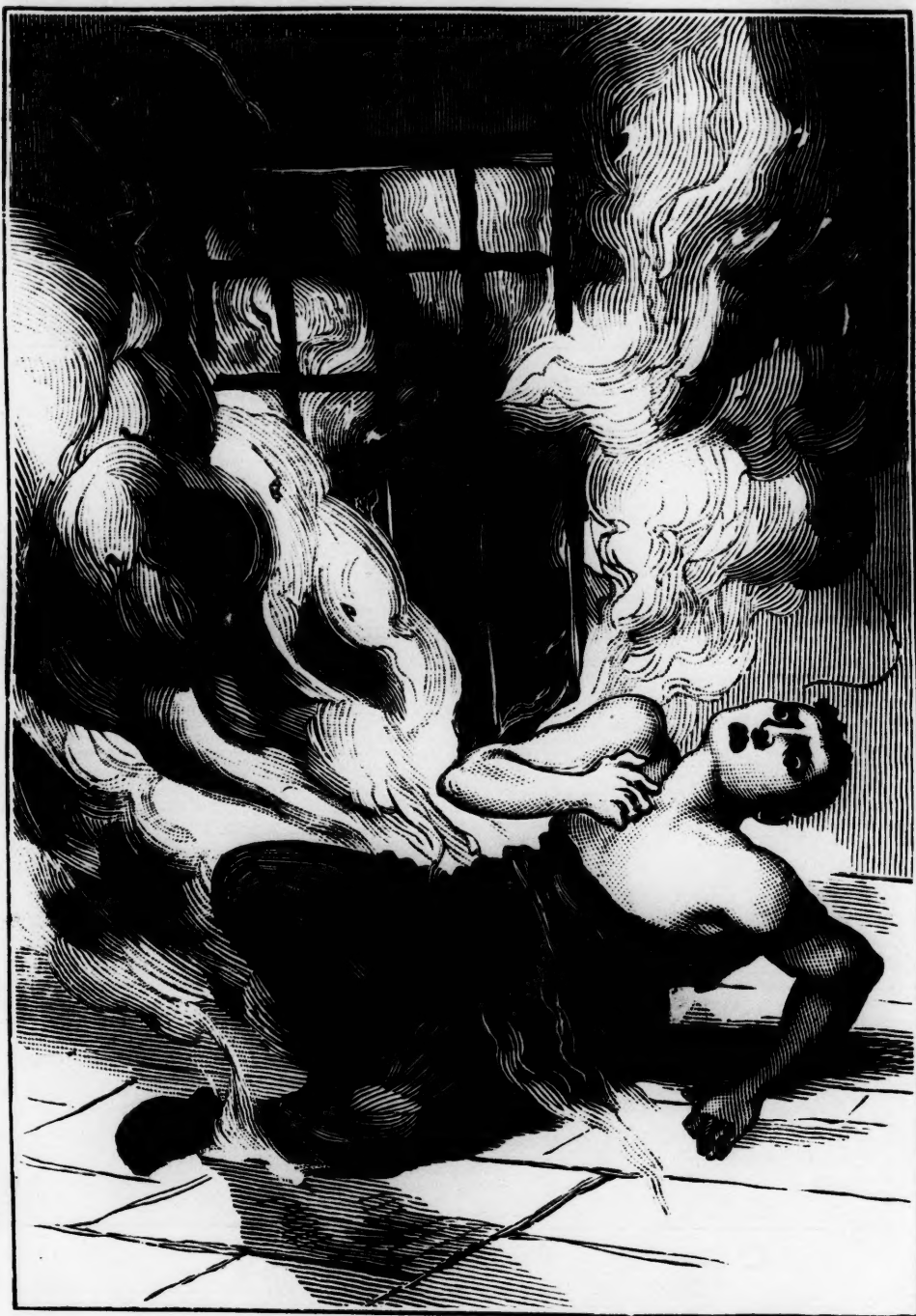
James Casey, of this city, and Johnny Gager, of Hoboken, fought twenty-six rounds for a purse of \$500 on a dancing platform a few miles above Jersey City early the morning of the 20th. Gager formerly lived in Long Island City. Neither he nor Casey ever fought for a stake before, though both have figured in sparring exhibitions. Casey, who is 35 years old, and weighs 145 pounds, was seconded by Eddie Carroll. Gager is two years younger than Casey and was four pounds heavier. He was 'squired by Chris White. Ed O'Donnell of Williamsburg was the referee. The men were extremely cautious in the 1st round, and though there were several slats, neither man struck a blow. In the next six rounds the fighting was pretty even. The 7th was a hammer and tongs affair, and Jack was as good as his master. They pegged away at a lively rate until the 20th round, in which Casey scored his man by a swinging right-hander that landed on the neck. In the next five rounds, each did a good deal of execution, though Gager, who was the worst punished, began going down to avoid punishment. In the 25th and last round the men fought fiercely for awhile and then clinched and fell, with Casey under. The friends of the latter claimed that Gager had kicked him and they claimed a foul. There was a noisy and acrimonious dispute, which at one time threatened to terminate in a free fight. The referee decided that no foul had been committed, but as both men were weak and neither was fit to continue the battle he declared it a draw. Both were brought to Jersey City and put to bed. It is probable that they will fight again before long.

John Donahoe, of Boston, and James Curley, of Nashua, N. H., fought 15 rounds to a finish, with bare knuckles, Nov. 20, in a barn in Amherst. Forty sports paid \$5 apiece to witness the contest, which was for \$250 and the gate receipts. Donahoe is twenty-six years old, and weighed 125 pounds; Curley is twenty-eight, and weighed 131. In the first round Curley led with his right. It caught Donahoe on the forehead, and for a moment he saw stars. Before he recovered another caught him under the chin, but the force was light. A rapid exchange of blows followed, and then Donahoe clinched to avoid any worse punishment. Curley got decidedly the best of it, and the odds, which started 5 to 4 in his favor, went up to 2 to 1. Round 5 opened with Curley on the aggressive again. He led, after a few feints, and caught Donahoe a blow on the bare breast. Donahoe swung his left around in a circle, and the blow settled on Curley's ear. It was the first hard one he got, and he remembered it. Round 6 opened by Curley catching Donahoe on the cheek. Donahoe gave Curley an up blow, intending to wind him, but it was a little too high. Curley's left shot out, and Donahoe's nose was in the way. The blood spurted in all directions, and the blow was claimed and allowed for Curley. Maddened, Donahoe struck out, but the blood blinded him and he fell short. He then clinched. On the break, Curley hit him on the head. A rapid exchange ended the round, that was in Curley's favor. In the 4th round Curley led as usual, but the blow failed to reach. Donahoe struck for the face; the blow caught Curley on the left ear and tore it so that the blood trickled down. A savage dig in the neck cut short Donahoe's smile. A grapple, in which both men fell through the ropes, was broken by the referee, and just before time was called Curley lit squarely on Donahoe's injured nose again. By this time he was covered with blood. Rounds 5 and 6 resulted in no advantage for either man. The 7th opened a little slow. Curley's first blow failed to reach, for Donahoe was proving a fine ducker. Donahoe aimed for the stomach, but Curley caught the force of it on his arm. A clinch and a break, then Curley rushed like a mad bull at Donahoe and landed four or five good ones on his head before he again clinched. Donahoe's right led out and landed square on Curley's left eye, closing it at once. In the 8th round much time was lost in sparring for an opening, and Donahoe failed to keep up the advantage he had gained. Both men were thoroughly winded, although Donahoe improved faster than Curley. In the 9th and 10th rounds both men did good work, but it was give and take. Donahoe's nose had swelled to immense proportions and Curley had started the blood there once more. Curley's closed eye, too, had received another blow and had enlarged. Just after the 11th round was called a team with three men drove up to the door of the barn, and there was a lively scampering to get out of the way. They had to resort to the windows, of which there were only three, and they carried away the sashes in their eagerness to escape. Two men dropped through the scuttle hole to the cellar in the manner, and several hid in the hay. The three men came in and it was soon discovered that they were three backers that had missed their way. It took half an hour to get the men together again. The rest had done Donahoe by far the most good, and he opened the 12th round at once by a stinger that landed on Curley's neck. Curley rushed and struck out, barely grazing Donahoe's cheek. He followed it up with two in quick succession, both of which told severely on Donahoe's face, which was now a mass of blood and bruises, but his eyes were as yet uninjured. After some short arm fighting Curley got a good one square in Donahoe's left eye, which closed it. When the men stood up for the thirteenth round it was a toss up which would win. Donahoe had gained courage and did the rushing. He planted a good one on Curley's neck, but Curley recovered in time to send back a hot one on Donahoe's Adam's apple. A rush and the now almost exhausted men fell together. They hugged a moment without doing any great harm, then broke, and foiled until time was out. In the fourteenth round Donahoe rushed for Curley, but his closed eye made him hit wild, and he got a heavy one in the face that knocked him clear off his feet. Getting up just before the limit had expired, he planted a half-exhausted blow on Curley's nose and they both fell in a heap. The fifteenth and last round opened with both men groggy. Donahoe was manifestly in the better condition, although one eye was closed. Curley was blowing hard and could barely see. After trying to look at each other a few seconds Donahoe led and hit Curley on the head. This was followed by another, which landed on Curley's only open eye, and closed it in a jiffy. Donahoe now rushed at him and planted two blows square in Curley's face, and the latter dropped like a dog. He lay there beyond the time limit, and Donahoe was winner.



SHE SUCCEEDED IN SKIPPING.

YOUNG MR. FRANK B. SLACK IS ACCUSED OF PROVIDING HIS WIFE WITH MATERIAL FOR A DIVORCE.



SLOWLY ROASTED TO DEATH.

NEWHALL TYLER, A PRISONER, BURNED ALIVE IN THE PRESENCE OF A CROWD OF PEOPLE AT WEBBERVILLE, MICHIGAN.



Peter Monahan, Manager.
P. J. Klein, L. F.

Harry Foy, 2d Base.

Hugh McGrade, Pitcher.
John Bates, S. S.

James Curry, C. F.

Joe McCarty, Catcher.
C. Tubbs, 1st Base.

John Masterson, 3d Base

Dan Hogan, R. F.

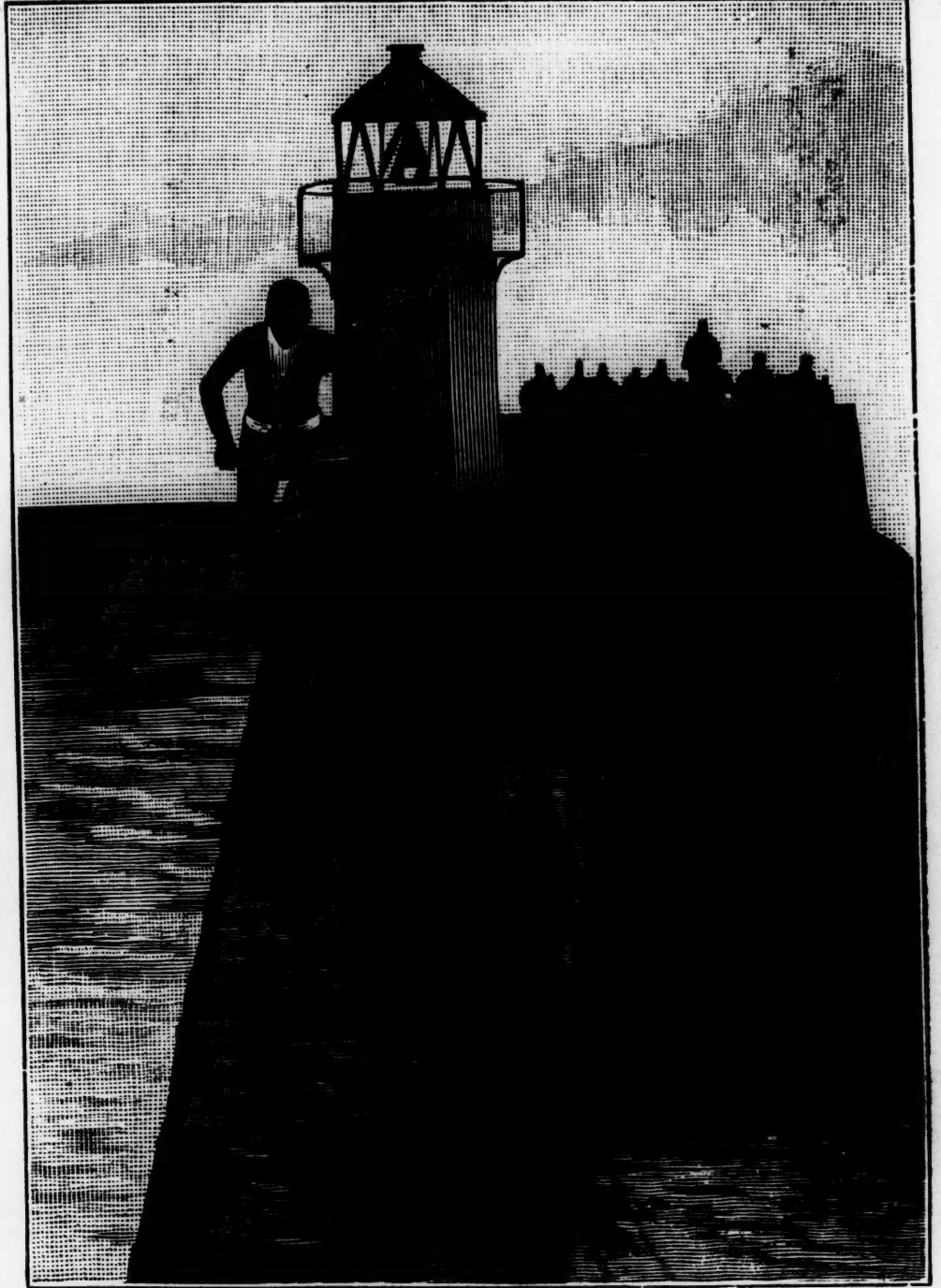
CHAMPION BALL TOSSERS.

THE FAMOUS AND ALL-CONQUERING NINE OF THE TENTH PRECINCT OF THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL POLICE DEPARTMENT.



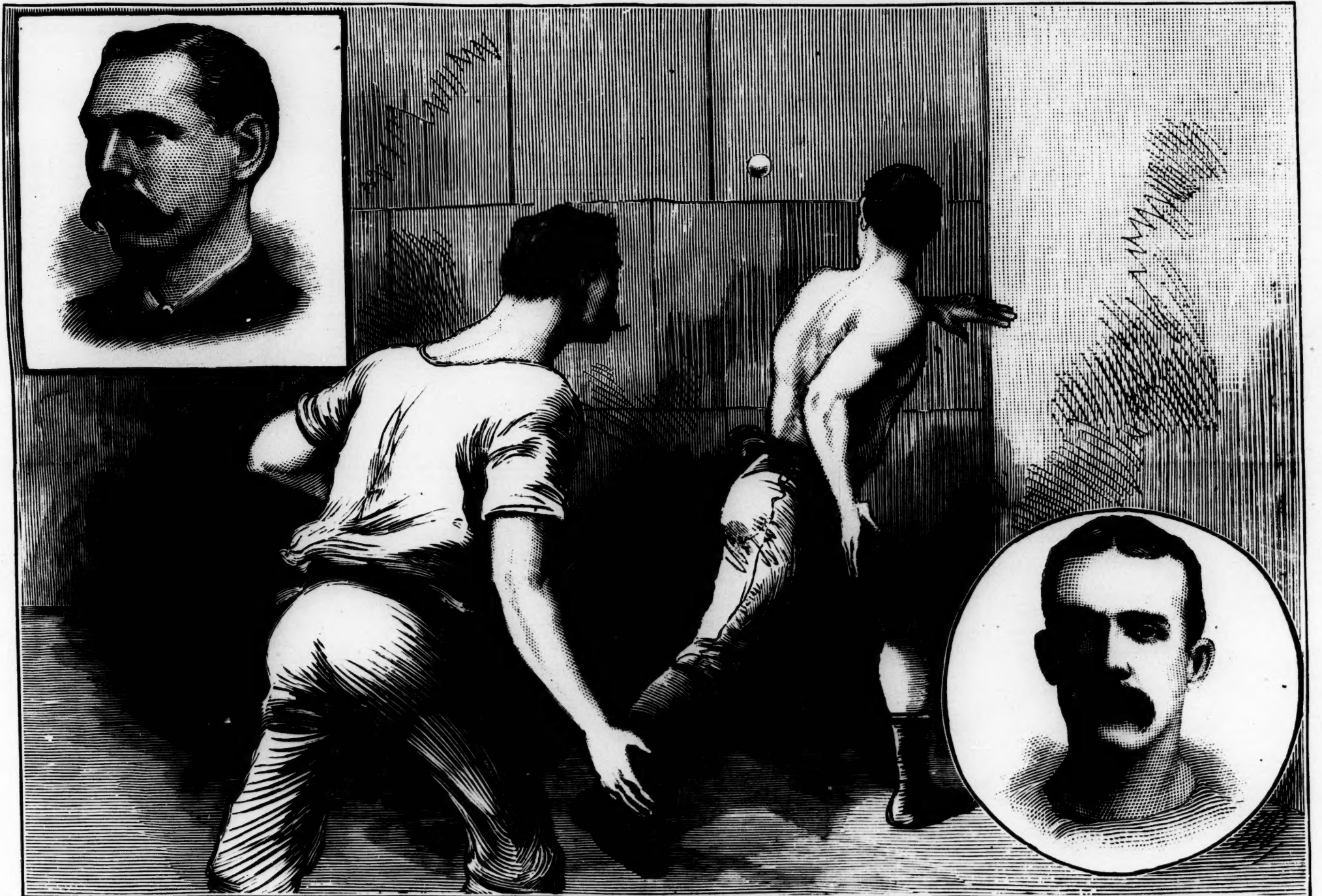
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